

The Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE • 1952

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ANDRE MAUROIS

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WILLIAM N. LANE
President
General Binding
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In his letter, Mr. Lane stresses four things of prime importance to every businessman who has something to sell—four big reasons why The Rotarian will sell for you.

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2 "Many of our dealers have made special comment on the high quality of the leads they have received from The Rotarian. They report that these leads have resulted in a gratifying number of sales from key executives of highly regarded firms . . ."

3 "Our returns have . . . increased with our continued use of your magazine, and fully justify the increased schedule that we have planned for The Rotarian in 1952."

4 "Because of outstanding performance for General Binding Corporation, we have selected your publication as a prime testing medium . . ."

Additional "sales talk" on our part would be superfluous—Mr. Lane has said everything that every advertiser wants to hear.

The current circulation of The Rotarian is more than 289,000 ABC. We'll be pleased to send you additional market data and literature, or have one of our representatives call.



The Rotarian

35 East Wacker Drive



Chicago 1, Illinois

Your Letters

Crucial Point Left Out

Thinks WILLIS J. SAYRE, Rotarian
Farmer

Manhattan, Kansas

In the debate-of-the-month for April [Should Prices Follow the Market?], your debaters or retail men all leave out the crucial point in that the housewife's purchase of eggs was raised 3 cents a dozen after she had taken them from the shelf. It seems to me that no Rotarian would do that, but would wait until the close of business for the day. The producer and consumer both know that in many cases the spread between us is too wide.

'What's Sauce for the Goose . . .'

Notes WILLIAM JUPP, Rotarian
Men's Wear Retailer

Nakusp, British Columbia, Canada

Being a storekeeper, I see the other side of the question Should Prices Follow the Market? [THE ROTARIAN for April]. How about a debate on the reverse of that question?

Eggs are going down and while the woman is taking her eggs to the cashier the checker reduces the price from 89 cents to 86 cents. The question is: should she insist on paying 89 cents or would she rather pay the new lower price of 86 cents? My guess is that she wouldn't question the decrease in price. So what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander . . .

Such debates make us think, which is good exercise for our brains any way you look at it.

Doesn't 'Spell R-O-T-A-R-Y'

To FREDERICK PHILLIPS, Rotarian
Floor-Machine Distributor
Buffalo, New York

The example of the aged and crippled miner who took it upon himself to look after graves in a cemetery [See That Spells R-O-T-A-R-Y!, THE ROTARIAN for April] is entirely off the beam.

First, the subject was being paid to some extent. Second, he hoped to receive the same attention "someday" himself. It is 100 percent the wrong attitude, and does not spell Rotary to me.

How Friends Are Made

Told by CHARLES A. PERKINS, Rotarian
Morgan-Horse Breeder
Hooperston, Illinois

Doubtless it was due to our having had similar experiences that Making Friends Where the Tall Corn Grows [THE ROTARIAN for April] caught our attention. I wish all could understand and appreciate what activities of this type can mean to the individual Rotarian or his family and those of other lands.

My first "international" experience was in 1922 while a college student and invited to become a member of the Cosmopolitan Club, with membership of all

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students from other countries and an equal number of invited American students. Now our mail carrier is never surprised to find letters with strange postage to be delivered to our mailbox. My friend Pyn Muangman is now dean of the University of Medical Science in his native Bangkok and he once wrote: "I have asked several people coming your way to drop in and pay you a visit for me. Sooner or later Plankeshaw Place [our farm] will be a mecca for all the Siamese coming to the U.S.A." It appears to have a fair chance of being true. We have had more than 20 as house guests and a number come again and again. . . .

We have thoroughly enjoyed our visitors and showing them "where the tall corn grows" here in Illinois. In addition to our own enjoyment and making it more pleasant for these people, we hope to be doing a bit of service to Rotary.

'They Are Service Organizations'

*Holds SVERE ROANG, Rotarian
Lawyer
Edgerton, Wisconsin*

In an item in *By the Way* [THE ROTARIAN for February] the Scratchpad Man asks why the Associated Press refers to several organizations, among them the Veterans of Foreign Wars, as "service organizations."

The answer to the question is that the Veterans of Foreign Wars is a service organization.

Certainly, I am proud of my member-

ship in Rotary—I am a Past President of my Club—and of its high service objectives and purposes. But we don't have a corner on the "service market." True, members of an organization such as the V.F.W. enjoy the comradeship and opportunities of good times that such an organization affords. But our most important objective is service—service to the veteran and the community. My own Post here in Edgerton has had as its motto "Service to the Community and the Veteran" ever since activation in 1946. A brochure published by the Americanism division of our organization lists more than 400 ways in which a Post can develop community services.

The Rotary thesis is service—and so is that of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States!

The Mackintosh Way to Peace

*Told by SARAH COSSIE RICE, Teacher
Uddingston, Scotland*

It does not surprise me that Robert Mackintosh, a Hamilton, Scotland, Rotarian, is suggesting that all Clubs in the Rotary world by the name of Hamilton toast one another in a given week [*Your Letters, THE ROTARIAN* for May]. It is just another way in which he wishes to practice International Service in his beloved Rotary.

I, an American schoolteacher, arrived in Scotland last September. Rotarian and Mrs. Mackintosh drove miles to look me up. Since then they have had me in their home and made me feel at home. There have been many customs, laws,



"Make it snappy! My arms are tired!"

etc., with which I was not familiar. The Mackintoshes have gone to no end of trouble to smooth out all rough places for me. They have succeeded in helping me to obtain permit to teach in the Scottish schools—a thing not easily done.

"Rycroft," their home, could easily be called "The Scottish International House." Their friends say they never know "what foreigner" they will find there. I can testify to the warm friendliness and kindness each will receive there.

If all Rotarians did half as much as Rotarian and Mrs. Mackintosh to build international peace, this old world would be heaven on earth. They really put Service above Self.

An Architect's Parallel

*By GEORGE BAIN CUMMINGS, Rotarian
Architect
Binghamton, New York*

Reading *A New Approach to International Service*, by Guy Gundaker [THE ROTARIAN for May], was like receiving a letter from an old friend, for when I became a member of Rotary in 1923, Guy was President-Elect of Rotary International. He spoke at an intercity meeting in Chemung, New York, and I was in the audience. He stressed vocational ideals and the preparation of codes of ethics by the different professions and vocations. As we know, great numbers of such codes have been drawn up and the stimulation which Guy and Rotary International gave in this matter has been very consequential. It was good, therefore, to read how Guy views Vocational Service and its application to the field of international relations.

A year ago, in an hour of inspiration, I prepared an architect's parallel to the physician's Hippocratic Oath. This was published in the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, of which I am a Fellow. I have presented a copy of the Oath to each of the collegiate schools of architecture in the United States—some 70 in number. As they hang upon the walls of these institutions, present and succeeding generations of architectural students will read them. I am also preparing to [Continued on page 58]

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THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS NOTES FROM 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

NUMBER 43. June 1 will find thousands of Rotary folks from many lands touring or leaving Mexico—after Rotary's 43d Annual Convention (May 25-29) in its capital city. For high lights of that "fiesta of friendship" see the July issue.

PRESIDENT. As this issue "closed," Rotary's President, Frank E. Spain, and his wife, Margaret, were completing two weeks of Rotary visits in Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, Ireland, and England. On their itinerary was attendance at the Annual Conference of Rotary International in Britain and Ireland. They were to return to Chicago early in May.

PRESIDENT-NOMINEE. No other candidates having been announced by April 1, California Engineer H. J. Brunnier will go to the 1952 Convention as the sole Nominee for President of Rotary International for 1952-53. He was named by the Nominating Committee for President.

MEETINGS.	International Assembly.....	May 14-20.....	Lake Placid, N. Y.
	Institute for Present and Past		
	Officers of RI.....	May 14-20.....	Lake Placid, N. Y.
	International Convention.....	May 25-29.....	Mexico City
	1952-53 Board of Directors.....	June 9-13.....	Chicago

3 MILLION MARK. On April 15 the Rotary Foundation reached the 3-million-dollar mark in contributions received since its inception. Expenditures for 394 Foundation Fellowships awarded since 1947 total approximately one million dollars.

CONFERENCES. By May 1 only a few Rotary District Conferences remained to be held. In the USCB (United States, Canada, and Bermuda) 90 had taken place, 20 were in the offing. In Ibero-America, 20 had been held, 3 remained. In the Eastern Hemisphere, 40 had met, 22 were still to come. Joint Conferences were held in a number of Districts.

ANNUAL AUDIT. As the Rotary fiscal year nears its close (June 30), Clubs were urged to follow a sound year-end practice of business and industry: an audit of books.

"BGW" BROADCAST. Rotary's Boys and Girls Week broadcast, "Mr. Jones Rediscovered America," was heard throughout the U. S. and Canada on April 26. Early reports on the observance of the Week (April 26-May 3) indicate it was one of the most successful ever held.

NEW "O. D." The book that lists the time, date, and place of Rotary meetings—the "Official Directory"—is now being readied for 1952-53. To all Clubs have gone forms for supplying the Central Office with essential "O. D." information.

FOURTH EDITION. Now off the press is the fourth edition of "Service Is My Business"—Rotary's 140-page book on Vocational Service. First published in 1948, it won—and continues to hold—wide popularity among Clubs as the basis for programs and as a means of acquainting new members and non-Rotarians with Rotary's second avenue of service. Available at the Central Office for \$1 a copy; ten or more copies, 75 cents each.

VITAL STATISTICS. On April 28 there were 7,511 Clubs and an estimated 356,000 Rotarians. New and readmitted Clubs since July 1, 1951, totalled 180.

The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the Ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Ideal of service.

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The Editors' WORKSHOP

THERE'S a ladies' hat factory in the building across the street, and one thing about it has always bothered us. When January blizzards rage, the good folks over there work away on fluffy Summer chapeaux. Then when Spring at last sends through a delicious balmy convincer, there they sit making somber Autumn felts. We were on the point of letting this disturb us again recently when we suddenly realized that few could complain about the leapfrogging of the seasons with less impunity than we in our own workshop. We had that very vernal day okehed page proofs of an article about the Eskimos and put it on ice till probably November . . . our "first reader" had just mentioned that the free-lances were beginning to send through some Christmas pieces again . . . and we ourselves had just drawn up a schedule of features timed to Rotary's 1953 Convention—with the '52 Convention yet to be held! . . . The people in the hat factory are probably still wondering what our big grin and wave were for.

WE WORK far ahead, yes, but can't of course on covering an event like Rotary's Convention in Mexico City. For that job, which will be history by the time this issue reaches many of you, we shall put a small staff of reporter-photographers on the spot. They will shoot their prints and paragraphs back to this office—to fill a large void reserved for them in the July issue. That is where you will read all about what Rotarians of the world did, said, and enjoyed in the Mexican capital May 25-29.

THOSE wonderful letters! An Argentine writes in to say that he thinks one of the boys mentioned in the Junior Achievement story we presented nine months ago is a distant relative. . . . A Texan asks who is the blond man pictured in England on our May cover; he's sure he knows him. . . . And Paul A. Noe, of Katonah, New York, advises us that a little group of Solomon Islanders are now reading this Magazine regularly. He sends it to them. Started doing so a few months ago when a native teacher he'd met in the Western Solomons during World War II wrote him asking for magazines that would show his pupils what's going on in the outside world. "I was indeed perplexed," Rotarian Noe notes. "I didn't know of a magazine that was suitable for those people—until I thought of THE ROTARIAN." Paul said it. We didn't.

AS THEY turn their daily calendars this month, many people will stop on June 25—to reflect on the fact that two years have slipped away since the Korean business started. Some will be optimis-

IT IS a bit of France that our cover portrays this month—but a very historic one. The towering twist of granite in the foreground makes it so—for this is one of the thousands of menhirs or stone monuments which early Europeans erected



at this point on the coast of Brittany some 2,000 years ago. Bearing runic inscriptions and now whitened by lichens, these crude shafts mark ancient burial places and bequeath to antiquaries a great fund of knowledge of Gaulish times. André Maurois writes about his France this month. We're sure that when he sees this cover he'll say, "Carnac!" right off. That's the name of the village nearest these megalithic relics. . . . A French artist named Abel made the painting; the French National Railroads, which owns it, gave us permission to reproduce it.

P.S.—Europe will be the scene of Rotary's '53 Convention.

tic, some bitter, some sure, some confused, and some—like young J. W. Benjamin, Jr., writing elsewhere in these pages—will deliberately look past political and military considerations to the people upon whose land the struggle has raged. If any such want to know what they can do, here's a suggestion: work through American Relief for Korea, as many Rotary Clubs are doing, to collect clothing for Koreans. A fine and reputable agency embracing a dozen others, its address is 133 East 39th Street, New York 16, New York.

IF IT'S Miss Holcomb's runaway-husbands story or whatever else that stirs you to seize pen this month, seize it and share your views with us. . . . Next month the views of the famed physicist Dr. Robert A. Millikan. Also, the promised story about the \$50,000 Nahigian gift to the Foundation.—Eds.

Living for the Larger Self

Some reflections on the serviceable man

who, before he sweats for others, must first sweat for himself.

By JOHN COYLE

Rotarian, Geelong, Australia

TO SERVE effectively, it is necessary to consider oneself first. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to give drink to the thirsty are outward deeds, which by a thrust of will can be performed.

But how deeply and permanently one will help people by these ministries depends on invisible accompaniments—the spiritual qualities of personality. The same outward gift may leave the recipient in one case angry and humiliated, in another cold and thankless, in another comforted and inspired. "When I have attempted to give myself to others by services," said Emerson, "it proved an intellectual trick—no more. They eat your service like apples and leave you out. But love them and they feel you, and delight in you all the time."

"Young man," said Tolstoi to an eager, youthful reformer, "you sweat too much blood for the world; sweat some for *yourself first*. . . . If you want to make the world better, you have to *be* the best you can . . . you cannot bring the Kingdom of God into the world until you bring it into your own heart first."

Service, both social and personal, are thus dependent for their final efficiency upon the quality of man's inward life, but the persistence of service itself, in any form whatever, is also dependent upon that indispensable foundation. The streets are full of people who started out to be of use. They, too, had a youth when knighthood was in flower, but they have fallen now into disillusioned uselessness. Like automobiles with good self-

starters, they were off and away with fleet eagerness to serve the world, but they have petered out in a sandy stretch, or have gone dead on a high hill. "These men began to build, but were not able to finish."

The course of true service does not run smooth. People whom we try to help turn out to be obstinate, ungrateful, incorrigible. They return evil for good. They cling to the very conditions from which we try to save them. The most gracious spirit is at times tempted to cry with Keats: "I admire human nature, but I do not like men."

The upshot of it is that of all who start to live lives of service, one suspects that only a small proportion carry through. Launchings are a gala night. Amid cheers and music, the ship, gay with color, takes to the sea. But every old salt knows that launching is not the test of a ship. When northeasters howl, and billows roll mast high, will she beat up against the tempest and make port when other ships go down? Such is the severe strain to which man's ignorance, thanklessness, his sluggishness, blindness, apathy, subject a life of service. The final resource of a serviceable man must be his own inwardly victorious spirit, sustained by motives which wear well, by unsmothered faiths, and by hopes which refuse to grow dim.

Sir Bartle Frere, British admin-

istrator of the 19th Century, was coming to visit a Scottish home. The master of the household, sending a servant to meet him, sought for some description by which the visitor might easily be recognized. "When the train comes in," he said at last to the servant, "you will see a tall gentleman helping somebody."

Service is a means of self-realization, but to understand this it is necessary to consider what the "self" is of which we speak. Children in the nursery play with a fascinating toy which, superficially seen, appears to be a single box, but which, on investigation, reveals box within box, and even more boxes still, each drawn from the interior of another until the floor is littered with them.

So multiple and complicated a thing is the human self. When, therefore, one cries, "I must care for myself," the answer comes, "Which self?" This smallest, meanest self that last of all comes up from the interior of your life? This infinitesimal creature of narrow, clamorous, egoistic needs? To live for that self is to lose real life utterly. For all the while there is the larger possible self, that may enclose and glorify the smaller, compounded of family love, of friendship, of devotion to neighborhood and country, of loyalty to humankind, and to good causes on which man's weal depends. To live for that larger self is to live the abundant life.

"Love took up the harp of Life and smote on all the chords with might; Smote the chord of Self, that trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

Quest EDITORIAL



Photo: M. S. Master

Indian Idyl

The Chinese brought their great navigational skills . . . the Malayans swept in with steadyng outriggers . . . the Arab hove up with tall mast and ballooning sail . . . and thus, centuries before the Phoenicians, there evolved a craft that would move in the calms and ride out the storms of the changeful Indian Ocean. Though their origins are as indistinct as the misty shores they touch, these small boats still help Mother India catch her fish and move her goods—and provide a text for reflection on man's debt to other men.

The True FRANCE

By ANDRE MAUROIS

M. Maurois knows France from provincial Normandy, where he grew up, to the French Academy, in which he holds membership. As a biographer, novelist, dramatist, historian, he is one of the world's most-read writers.



*It lives in song and poem, in cheese and churches,
and in the hearts of a steady people.*

T. S. ELIOT wrote somewhere that the term "culture" includes all the characteristic activities and interests of a people. For instance, in the case of England: Derby Day, Henley Regatta, Cowes, a cup final, the dog races, the dart board, boiled cabbage cut into sections, beetroot in vinegar, 19th Century Gothic churches, and the music of Elgar. The reader may compile his own list about France; he should certainly include, amongst other things, Maurice Chevalier, French cooking, the *Tour de France* (a bicycle race all around France), La Fontaine's fables, Edith Piaf, the Comédie-Française, a great dressmaker's collections, Bastille Day, Bordeaux and Burgundy wines, Camembert cheese, the poems of Prevert, the village mayor, the country priest, and the theater of Jean Anouilh.

What strikes one in that list (which is, of course, absurdly sketchy) is the fact that it involves so many contradictions. The names of Maurice Chevalier and Edith Piaf remind us that the French love sentimental songs in which *amour* rhymes with *faubourg*, and that French juries are lenient to *crimes passionnels*. Yet, at the same time, the great success in France of Anouilh's theater, in which love, a painfully ridiculous adventure, always ends in failure,

proves that the French public is not afraid of cynical truths. Popular magazines in America require that stories, to be acceptable, come to a happy ending. French readers do not mind a tragic end; indeed they like it. Our children do learn by heart La Fontaine, who was a hard-boiled realist, but they

tings, and brotherly love. Yet if you open the novels of Balzac, Zola, or Mauriac, you will read about families torn to pieces by the most sordid interests: brother and sister fighting about a fortune, innumerable adulteries, murders, and other somber stories. "Which is the true image of France?" the puzzled inquirer will ask. "Is France sentimental or cynical?"

An illustrious Frenchman, Marshal Lyautey, used to tell his friends: "When you speak of me, never say *or*, say *and*." That is the truth about France. Is she cynical or sentimental? She is cynical and sentimental. She finds that her sentimentalism makes up for her realism. After a dark play of Anouilh, a light song of Chevalier is to her a consolation. "Nothing too much" was an old Greek slogan. France has a right to make it her own. She sometimes goes to excesses, one side or the other, but soon comes back to normal.

That France is, on the whole, a middle-of-the-way country surprises foreigners who remember so many French revolutions. "Were not Frenchmen," they say, "terribly violent in 1793, at the time of the Terror, and again in 1945, at the time of the Liberation?" Yes, but such outbursts, in France, are short lived. Very



"In France, the stable element is not a court; it is the small provincial town . . . "—this one in Brittany.

will nevertheless sing heartily the optimistic refrains of Chevalier.

There have always been such contrasts in France. Ever since the Middle Ages, the student may observe those two opposite tendencies of the French mind. Today, if the French Radio asks its listeners to choose their favorite records, they will be about nothing but dear old grandmothers, family anniversaries, silver wed-

AN INTERNATIONAL SERVICE FEATURE

soon the great masses of quiet citizens, who want above all to work peacefully, force a compromise on the warring factions. Bernard Shaw said that if England turned Communist, the Communist Prime Minister would come to Court in knee breeches and kiss the King's hand. In France the stable element is not a Court; it is the small provincial town, with the Sunday fishermen, the bowling alley, the municipal brass band, and the two rival *cafés*. Marcel Aymé described that permanent aspect of French life in the *Barkeeper of Blémont*.

The body of France is made of more than 30,000 such cells. Small towns and villages have not undergone very deep political changes since 1789. Only the names of parties have been altered. At the time

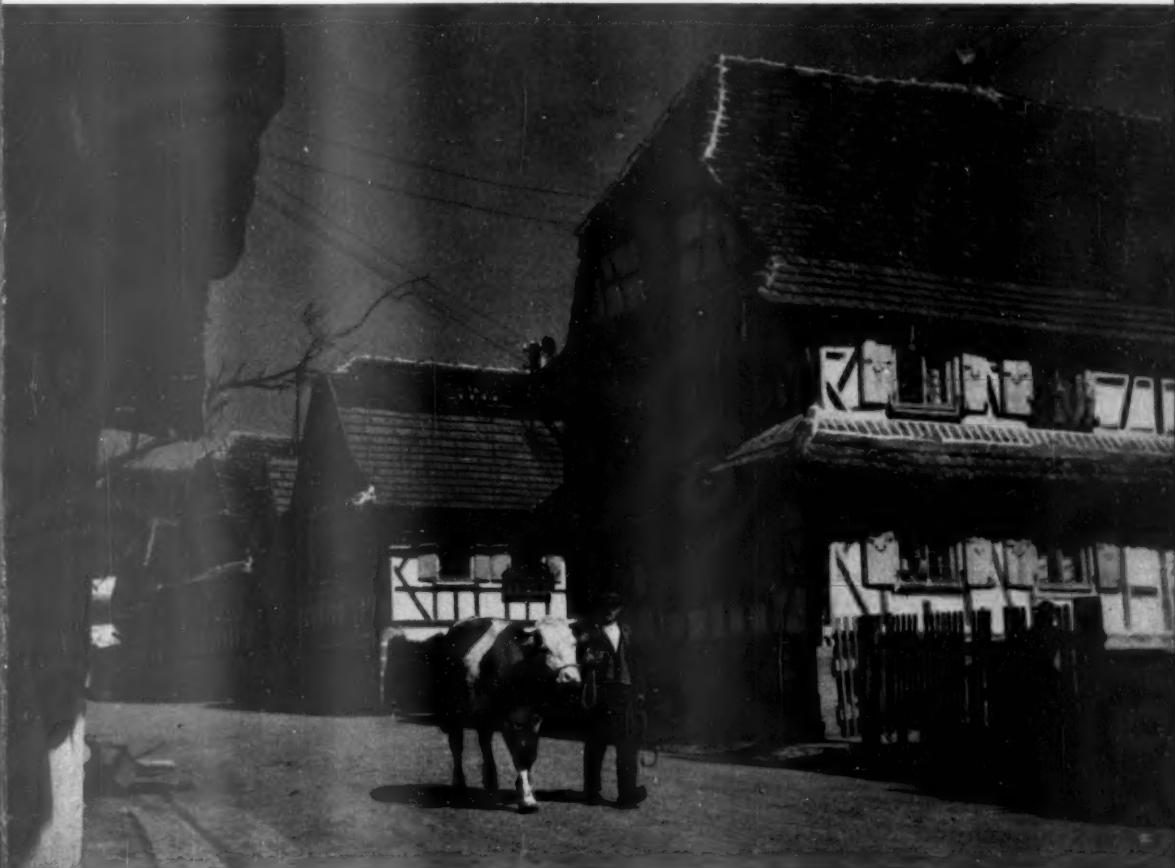
of the Second Empire, an extreme leftist in France called himself a Republican. When the Republic triumphed, he became a Radical. When the Radicals were in power, he turned Socialist; now that Socialists belong to the Government, he may join the Communist party. That will not mean that he accepts Communism as a doctrine. How could he? He is a landowner and intends to keep his land. "Then why do you vote Communist?" you might ask him. "I always go left," he would answer, "but no further."

To vote for the Left means to vote against "les gros" (the fat ones, the powerful, the rich). The average Frenchman never liked "les gros." Before the great Revolution, he was against the Castle and the nobles, against the King's

men. Later he was against the upper middle class, which Louis Philippe and Napoleon III had entrusted with the government of the country. But make no mistake. If a political party, while fighting "les gros," makes daily life unpleasant, if extremists really attempt to carry matters to extremes, then the all-powerful group of the Undecided will move swiftly to the other side and turn the scales. That is the reason why, though the Communists polled a very large vote, they were unable to block the Marshall Plan or the rearmament of France. Any party loses its grip on the masses if its politics clash with the traditional instincts of Frenchmen.

Whenever I lecture in the United States, I know that at the begin-

"The body of France is made of more than 30,000 such cells. Small towns have not undergone very deep political changes since 1789."



Photos: (pp. 8-9) Schall-PIX

ning of the question period I shall be asked: "Why are French Governments so unstable?" My answer is: "French Governments are the most stable in the world." The audience sits gaping. "Surely," they say, "your ministries fall like houses of cards." Yes, that is true, but what happens exactly? Mr. Pleven was Prime Minister, assisted by Mr. Queuille and Mr. Schuman. He resigns; he is replaced by Mr. Queuille, assisted by Mr. Pleven and Mr. Schuman. Mr. Queuille fell in his turn. He is now replaced by Mr. Pinay, but remains Vice-President. And so on. Moreover, it was always like that. Between the two world wars a group of seven or eight men played that game of musical chairs and governed the country. France shuffles the cards; the pack remains the same.

"All right," the Man from the Audience will object, "all right, but then, if there is no real change, why on earth overthrow so many Cabinets? You should realize that it does worry many a friendly country. During the *interregnum* an international crisis may break out which will find France without a Government. Such was the case when the Nazis invaded Austria in 1938; there was then 'no reaction from France because no one had a right to speak for France. General strikes, in France, are often caused by ministerial instability, because resignations slow down negotiations and weaken the authority of the State. So, once more, if it is just a game of musical chairs, why should Frenchmen play it when serious interests are at stake?"

Because, sometimes, an occasional thunderstorm is necessary to clear the air. As we have no two large parties, like Republicans and Democrats in America, or Conservatives and Laborites in England, every French Government is coalition Government, which means a delicate balance of power between the associates. If such political partners disagree on some important subject, what can one do? In England a dissolution is always possible. In France tradition goes against the dissolution of Parliament. It was attempted once, by Marshal de MacMahon,

and led to his undoing. No President after him tried again. Therefore, a reshuffling of Cabinet seats remains the only way out of the deadlock. It has its bad points, but it is comparatively harmless and does not disturb the country so much as would a general election. In fact, most people pay very little attention to it. Ten days

French life. Who said that France is a bureaucracy tempered by anarchy? Frenchmen perhaps do not abide by written laws so strictly as Englishmen or Americans, but they obey the unwritten laws of a pretty sound tradition. The results are not so bad. An American journalist, Harold Callender, wrote recently: "France is neither so gravely stricken nor so morally decadent as the lucid and eloquent French pessimists would lead one to believe." He was right.

One may notice that I deliberately omitted those "lucid and eloquent French pessimists" from my cultural inventory. My reason was that their influence on the country is so very small. Jean-Paul Sartre has a brilliant mind and deserves to be read. Yet he tells us himself that the number of his readers does not exceed 15,000. This does not mean that he will not exert a durable influence later. Marx, Nietzsche, and Péguy were not best-sellers while they were alive. However, to the average Frenchman of 1952, Sartre means very little. Most of the doctrinal controversies that are supposed to divide Frenchmen remain completely unknown outside Paris.

And even in Paris, conversation glides over such subjects. Here again is one of our contradictions. Frenchmen may sometimes err on the side of rigid intellectualism, but most of them are saved from such dangers by another French characteristic, which is a quickness to perceive the charm of a personage or a scene. I once asked an American artist: "What is the most recognizable quality of French art?" He answered: "Dash—the gift of fixing the fleeting moment." It was a good answer. And why this gift? The British critic Roger Fry, who understood French art so well, has given an answer: "Because they take such an intense pleasure in life just as it is. An Englishman," says Fry, "when he observes life, cannot help imagining the world as he would like it to be." This accounts for the moral and poetical quality of many English painters. They paint a woman, not as she is, but as she should be, whereas the French artist is a realist who discovers, even in apparent ugliness,



"Most of the doctrinal controversies that are supposed to divide Frenchmen remain unknown outside Paris."

later Frenchmen will ask each other: "By the way, have we got a Cabinet?" And very few will know the name of the new Premier.

This does not mean that they are indifferent to the fate of their country; it means they know that the salvation of the country depends on other factors. After all, France for 2,000 years did survive successfully wars, invasions, and revolutions. Her culture remained a world culture. Her economy picked up after the Second World War and the terrible strain of the occupation with a rapidity that astonished all other nations. How was it done? Was that the work of Government and Parliament? To a certain extent it was, but they were helped tremendously by the latent wealth of the country and by a tradition of hard work. The economic victory was won in the farms and factories.

It was a remarkable victory, though many Frenchmen would deny it. Frenchmen have a tendency to criticize each other and to advertise their shortcomings much more than their successes, but in point of fact France breeds excellent administrators, engineers, planners, inventors. Individual initiative plays a great part in

some suggestion of simple beauty.

The most beautiful landscapes of France are not dramatic. You see, in our country, no mighty rivers like America's Mississippi or Hudson. But the French painter dearly loves his land, and if he has genius, he finds, right at his door, rivers lined with poplars or willows, roads lined with chestnut or lime trees, well-seasoned villages with slate or tile roofs, smil-

ing in the young morning light, and enchanting skies with small white clouds, such as were painted by Boudin and Corot.

We might call "sensuousness" this pleasure Frenchmen take in life and all its aspects. It pervades the daily life of the people. Frenchmen have a love of simple things well done. French cooking owes its reputation not so much "to the elaborate preparations of

some famous restaurant as to the classical excellence of homely dishes in village inns and farm kitchens, to an omelet, a *boeuf en daube*, a *coq au vin*. . . ."

I come back to T. S. Eliot: "Culture may even be described simply as that which makes life worth living." It is the perfection of simple things that makes life worth living in France, which is both her culture—and her salvation.

It Takes Time, You Know!

By PARKE CUMMINGS

A man shouldn't rush those home chores.

True genius needs incubation.

ABOUT a week ago my good wife approached me, and said: "You've simply got to do something about that kitchen faucet. It keeps dripping all the time."

"Which one?" I asked.

"The hot-water faucet," she told me. "I wish you'd attend to it."

"Sure," I said. "I'll think about it."

She brought up the same subject the next day. "Have you forgotten about that faucet?" she demanded.

"No," I said, "not forgotten."

"Well," she said, "if you don't fix it, I'll call the plumber."

I shook my head. "No need for that," I objected. "Absolutely no need at all. It's a problem I'm pretty sure I can handle myself. Let me sleep on it."

"On the faucet?" she asked.

"No, no," I retorted. "Please don't be so literal-minded. I mean sleep on the problem. It's an expression. Now, it just so happens I was reading a very interesting article the other night, about how to get ideas and cope with problems. What I found out was that great men—inventors, composers, tycoons of industry—don't just rush at things helter-skelter. They take their time. And sometimes the solution comes when they're in bed. It may be a dream or maybe they're just lying there, and—presto! they get a flash of insight. It's happened with a lot of men—Jefferson, Michelangelo, Ell Whitney. It could happen to me too."

I can't seem to recall her comment, which was pretty inaudible anyhow.

Another day passed, and I was listening to the radio when Virginia approached me. She mentioned the faucet again.

"Sh!" I said. "I'm attending to it."

"I've got a stunning surprise for you," she answered. "The faucet is out in the kitchen by the sink—not in the loudspeaker."

Restraining my temper with great self-control, I said: "Now there you go being literal-minded again. I did not mean that I was actually going through the physical motions of repairing the faucet. What I was doing was something far more constructive. I read in this article that some famous man—maybe it was Pasteur—found that when inspiration simply refused to come to him, what he did was dismiss the problem entirely from his mind and listen to great music. Thus relaxed, he often—"

"That sounds more like be-bop to me," she remarked.

"The principle is the same," I pointed out. "And who is to say that Pasteur wouldn't have enjoyed be-bop? If it was Pasteur," I qualified. "This piece mentioned a lot of great men, and it might have been Gladstone. Or Benjamin Franklin or Admiral Dewey."

"Or Dizzy Dean, possibly," she suggested.

This terminated our conversation, which was, however, resumed on the following day when my helpmate discovered me lying on the grass, gazing up at the trees and clouds. This time, however, it was I who opened it. "If you by any chance think I've forgotten that faucet," I said, "you're all wrong. Far from it. This piece I was talking about said that many illustrious benefactors of humanity found that when an idea persisted in eluding them, they could capture it by communing with Nature. Men of the stamp of Beethoven, Edison, Spinoza, John Keats. It gave them rest and repose. Eventually, as if by a miracle, the mind clears, inspiration suddenly—"

"Go right ahead communing," said my helpmate. "I put a new washer in the faucet this morning."

She needn't have been so darned hasty, because I'll bet I would have thought of that today. I was intending to read poetry. This article said that poetry in some mysterious way refreshes the mind so that it becomes razor-sharp. Worked with a lot of people. Wellington, Robert Fulton, Rembrandt, Winston Churchill, Voltaire—



*An editor sees Rotary
as part of an epochal
revolution in society.*

Illustrations by
Stuart Hay

WE LIVE too close to the trees to see the forest: too close to the creamed chicken to understand its significance.

It is my conviction that the greatest contribution the United States has made to the social and economic development of our century, so far, has been in the spread and operation of voluntary private organization.

This of course doesn't merely mean service clubs—Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and the rest. But they helped and in a very special way. Rotary, coming first, set their pattern. It was once described by Paul P. Harris, who in 1905 founded Rotary, as simply "bringing opponents and rivals together in the atmosphere of good fellowship."

In this expanding climate of good



"It strengthens the channels of communication . . . tears down barriers of selfishness."

Maybe Creamed Chicken Helped

fellowship and goodwill, something epochal has happened in America. Barriers that had Balkanized industrial and professional life before 1900 have broken down, making possible a vast network of channels for communication. The result is that within the framework of capitalism, competition, and free enterprise, Americans have evolved a successful and superior alternative to cartels on the one hand or socialism on the other.

Here is how it works: I am a warehouseman in Bangor, Maine. Suddenly I am called upon to place in cold storage a large and unexpected quantity of tomatoes. I haven't stored many tomatoes before. I don't know the difficulties or the special ways to solve them. What do I do? Simple. I telephone the executive secretary of the American Warehouseman's Association.

"Bill," I say to him, "who is the best tomato man in the country?" He tells me at once—say, a man named Smith in Trenton, New Jersey. So I telephone Smith and ask him how to store my big shipment of tomatoes. He tells me within the next five minutes. Or he writes or sends me specifications. I am in possession of the best possible information on my special problem.

Next month Smith has a problem new to him. He calls Jones in Montana. And someday Jones calls me to know what to do with ten carloads of green peas that have just come in. I know about that, and I tell him . . . and the big circle is complete.

Something like this pattern of exchanging information has extended over wide areas of American industrial, commercial, mercantile, and professional life.

By **ERWIN D. CANHAM**
Editor, The Christian Science Monitor

Through trade associations one can get all kinds of technical information: details about administration, stock handling, supplies, labor problems—indeed, about virtually every problem that can face a practical businessman.

Trade associations touch almost every enterpriser. Each group is supported by enthusiastic, hard-headed members. They are convinced they get practical, daily values out of their association. They put a lot of time into running its affairs, because returns flow back to them. They maintain executive officials who are constantly at their service. They have periodic conventions.

It's easy to poke fun at these meetings, as it is at the creamed

chicken and community singing of the service clubs. Naturally, there are some relaxation and jollity. Naturally, there is some foolishness. But even the foolishness serves to bind more closely together these men who are performing comparable functions for the public. It strengthens and deepens the channels of communication. It tears down the barriers of selfishness.

In short, what we have come to realize is that there are greater practical values for everybody by sharing skills than by hoarding them. We have generalized know-how. And to realize the value of sharing is a deeply important corner to turn in social organization.

WHEN I was a boy in Maine, the textile mills of my native town kept husky guards at the mill gates. They would give short shrift to any stranger walking up to the portals, particularly if they suspected he came from a competing mill down the river. And management was not above hiring spies to go and take jobs with the competing factory. Today if one of these same mills develops a useful new process, the superintendent is likely to be reading a paper about it at the next meeting of his trade association. Or his chief chemist describes it in the next issue of his professional journal.

The president of a national trade association tells me that his first job, about 1920, was to park his car in front of his boss's chief competitor. He was unknown there so could safely watch the customers. Then he or his chief would solicit their business.

But such tactics would be inconceivable today, my friend points out. He and his competitors are now fellow members of the same trade association; they and their associates sing and eat together in the same service clubs. They are still vigorous competitors, not merely in more "ethical" ways, but in doing a constantly better job for the public. They interchange technical information through their trade association. Each has available the best skills in the whole country. It is up to each of them to apply and develop

these skills so as to derive competitive advantage.

Interchange of technical information crops up in the most unexpected quarters. The other day a member of a florists' association in a big city wrote me. He said his group meets once a month. At that meeting the member most skilled in developing and handling some particular flower or specialty tells all the others how to do it. They are shown new ideas and techniques in making floral groups and displays and which combinations last longer or look nicer and smell better.

Few professional men of my acquaintance fail to budget an important part of their time for gaining and giving fresh information. They spend long evenings at their county association, or the city groups, or the State gathering. They read their professional journal. All this work is mainly directed toward self-improvement and the improvement of the group.

The American farmer is said to be better off than his counterpart in other lands because of natural resources and density of population. But the difference is also measured by the technical-information network created by the Farm Bureaus, agricultural-college extension services, the Grange, and many other elements that generalize better techniques.

Farmers have become technicians; their wives are now interior decorators, fashion experts, and specialists in molded salads. Not merely higher production figures in corn and hogs, but more pleasant living, more beauty, and more joy have flowed through the channels of communication voluntarily set up and used.

Labor unions are notable illustrations of the use of free organization, not only to fight for higher wages and better working conditions, but—particularly as unions mature and accept deeper social obligations—to increase productivity and deepen skills. Educational programs oper-

ated by the more advanced and democratic unions are important in lifting labor's own self-operated standards.

The system of voluntary private association could be abused, of course. Associations could turn into monopolies, cartels, price-fixing and competition-curbing devices. But the United States has laws to prevent such abuse, and the laws are enforced. Sometimes it is felt that the laws are enforced abusively. Here, too, curbs are needed because to a statist, a socialist, or a big-government advocate, the free-association system is the most elusive and formidable rival.

One of the danger points arises when any such association seeks to restrict new membership. This is not usual phenomenon, for more frequently new members are eagerly solicited and welcomed. But whenever the right to be a lawyer, or a physician, or a plumber, or a carpenter seems to be denied by some self-perpetuating group, this abuse must be rigorously prevented.

In the case of vital and highly technical professions, with significant ethical requirements like medicine and the bar, it is legitimate to put accreditation in the hands of the profession itself, under careful safeguards. In other

"The president tells me his first job was to park his car in front of his boss's chief competitor."





What's in a Name?

"BUT can't we call you 'Okey' or 'O.K.' or something?"

A group of us were gathered around a handsome young Nigerian who had that day enrolled in one of our California colleges. The tall youth had just introduced himself to us as Chukuemeka Okeke. Trying to pronounce the name but faring badly with it we came up with the idea of a nickname.

"No, gentlemen, I'm sorry," the new student replied, raising a protesting hand. "I shall have to ask you to use my full name. First of all, anyone who can pronounce Saskatchewan or Appomattox can easily learn to say 'Chukuemeka Okeke.' And, second, but more important, I have a special reason for insisting. My name has a special and, to me, beautiful meaning." Then he told us this story:

Back in the little town of Nofia on the West Coast of Africa a young couple fell in love 25 years ago, just as couples do everywhere. But their families objected to the match—and violently.

Ignoring parental wishes, the young lovers were wed, however—which rendered them outcasts from both their families. A year or so later the young couple was blessed with a baby—the happy event proving, as it so often does around the world, the only thing needed to bring the fighting families back together. Such was the rejoicing of the young father's parents over the new baby and the family homecoming that they shouted, "Chuku emeka!" which in the Ibo tongue means "Great God, well done!" And so the little fellow was forthwith named Chukuemeka . . . and some 20 years later found himself telling why to a little group of California Rotarians who went away saying to themselves, "It was a pretty good lesson in international understanding" and repeating again and again "Chukuemeka Okeke—Chukuemeka Okeke."

—W. Fred Lavelle
Governor, District 162
Covina, Calif.

professions, industries, and trades there is little or no justification for denying membership in an important or useful voluntary association. Here, too, the rights of the individual may be sought and obtained through the courts if necessary.*

There is no reason why the voluntary-association system need become excessive or dangerous. It has many checks and balances within its own framework; where these do not operate, the law can step in. The essence of freedom must always be preserved. Legitimate boundaries between free organization and restraint of trade are not easy to define, but, on the whole, the courts have done well.

This balance of freedom and restraint has revolutionized classical capitalism in the United States, especially in the past quarter century. So gradually and so logically has it come about that businessmen in other parts of the world may be forgiven if they fail to realize it, for Americans are just beginning to understand what has happened. Sometimes I whimsically call America's new system "free collectivism." Because everything valuable that could possibly be achieved by socialist or police-State collectivism has been achieved in this free system, and a hundredfold more.

The rise of voluntary private organization is only one part of the change, of course. But it is inordinately significant. It has enormously raised standards of general and individual achievement. It has made voluntary coöperation—not coöperatives—a general and operative procedure. It would be impossible to estimate by just what staggering figures actual material production, quality, efficiency, skill, have been raised by the interchange of information. Factory doors have swung open. Laboratories have been linked by professional groups. Trade secrets have virtually ceased to exist.

There is still a place for patents and for licensing systems, however. Nobody need be deprived of the fruits of inventiveness and ingenuity. But an increasing part of the industrial and technological

system is outside the restrictions of patents and monopolies. Here we have a further projection of the basic economic concept that it is better to produce a lot for a small profit than a little for a big profit. Enterprisers have come to see that it is better for their competitors to stay in business than for them to go to the wall.

In all this change, the blend of camaraderie and service typified by creamed chicken and community singing has been a constant force. It set the tone. It brought first-names to the fore. It united communities. It reminded them of social responsibilities.

When, God willing, the historians of the 20th Century describe the great changes which have



"They would give short shrift to any stranger walking up to the portals."

come about, it is my conviction they will find in the voluntary associations, now spreading around the globe, one of the operative demonstrable, fruitful agencies which will have stemmed the tide of totalitarianism. This new dimension that has been added to the capitalist system will help save it: it will save it because it will better meet the needs of all the people.

* For a discussion of this problem, see *Free Enterprise: Are Its Best Friends Killing It?*, THE ROTARIAN for February, 1950.

Stay Put, Young Man, Stay Put!

*Hometown is waking up,
offering youth chances
Bigtown cannot match.*

By ARTHUR GORDON



WHEN I was a young fellow raring to go places, I didn't hesitate—I went. I left the town that had produced me and several generations of ancestors. I headed straight for the biggest city I could find.

The bigger the city, I reasoned happily, the bigger the opportunities. My native State was run down, decrepit, half paralyzed with poverty. I was energetic, ambitious, and no doubt quite insufferable. I was sure I could twist a couple of skyscrapers around my little finger. So off I went.

But now, years later, the uneasy feeling is creeping over me that maybe I made a gigantic mistake. Maybe I should have stayed put.

The first inkling came when I went home about a year ago. I had been back on short trips, but this time I really got out and looked around. And I was astounded by what I saw. The apathy and inertia were gone. Towns that had been stagnant pools of unemployment were humming with new industries. Shiny new tractors combed the red earth. The bank-failure rate was the lowest in the U.S.A.

Clearly, while I had been chasing my gilded rainbows, prosperity had come to the area I had so blithely left. I found myself feeling that I had missed out on something spiritually important. The people at home had something I had not. You could see it in their faces: a kind of serenity, a sense of belonging, a pride in their com-

munity and its progress. Comparing them with those who had uprooted themselves as I had, to go East or West or North or wherever opportunity seemed to beckon, I found that in almost no case could I point to an individual who was better adjusted or basically happier because he had moved away.

It was a disturbing discovery—so disturbing that I began to talk to people about it. I talked to those who had left home. I talked to those who had stayed. I talked to those who had gone away and had come back. I even made notes on some of these conversations in the hope that after a while they would add up to something. I think they do. They add up to the conclusion that your average American is happier and more successful if he digs in and does a lifetime job right in his own back yard.

This seems like a startling notion for a frontier-minded people. But the frontier is no longer a receding line in the wilderness. The American frontier is now in the average American town. That's where the best opportunities exist. Not for making money, necessarily. For making contributions to life itself.

That, I'm afraid, is a distinction I failed utterly to grasp when I had completed my so-called education. Success to me meant money, and job prestige, and maybe even fame—and I still think those

are very pleasant properties to own. But the lasting satisfactions—and what a truism that is!—seem to come from other sources. Principally from trying to help other people, and watching at first-hand the results of your efforts.

Once this realization sinks in, the advantages of what you might call home-town living become enormous. I'll give you a simple example. I know a man in Manhattan who writes a \$2,000 check every year for the Greater New York Fund. I also know of a doctor in a tiny town near Atlanta, Georgia, who donated eight acres of land for a playground for the local children. The first gentleman, no doubt, gets a momentary glow of satisfaction from his generosity. But the doctor, whose gift has much less dollar value, will go on drawing spiritual dividends from it for the rest of his life. He can see it. It's there.

It was this kind of satisfaction that I could discern—and envy—in the lives of my contemporaries who had had the good sense, or the good luck, to stay put. They would be the last to think of themselves as pioneers, but that's what they are. They don't have to battle Indians or wolves, but poverty, disease, ignorance, prejudice, all these old enemies of mankind are still with us. They can only be attacked locally, and the best attackers are people who feel literally at home in their environment.

There are sound psychological reasons why this should be so. Every [Continued on page 50]

A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE

A question of employer-employee relations raised by Mr. Sembower, discussed by seven Rotarians, and presented as the debate-of-the-month. We welcome your comments.—Eds.

By JOHN F. SEMBOWER

IT'S a delicate problem, but let's talk it out. Here are two incidents to put the issue in clear relief:

I was sitting in an air-cooled office of a large company when two shopmen were called in for conference. Sweat beaded their foreheads and trickled down grimy faces. When the man behind the desk stepped out for a moment, one workman mopped his face with a bandanna handkerchief he fished from his overalls, then let out a low whistle.

"Wonder when the old boy will give us air conditioning too," he said as his eyes swept the room.

"Heck!" grunted the other. "He'll let us sweat it out."

Now the other case: On touring the plant I noticed modern fluorescent lighting everywhere—except back in the president's office. When I asked about it, he answered with a chuckle.

"Well, I figured I'd be like an old farmer I knew when I was a boy back in Ontario. He had his barn—that's where he made his money—better equipped than his house."

Those two cases pose the question: Should special privileges for the employer mark a line between him and his employees?

Perhaps that oversimplifies the problem, for stratification begins at the lower levels of those who exercise authority. In one company I know well, the outward sign of being a junior executive is having a swivel chair with a desk in front and a table to the rear, with the added point that his stenographer is called a private secretary. In a publishing firm a feud still smolders because minor executives quarreled a few years ago about the type and height of partitions in their cubicles, although the sizes were more or less predetermined by the location of

windows. It is a standing joke in Washington that when a Government bureau clerk reaches a certain level of authority, he sports a thermos jug and drinking glasses on his desk.

At a big chemical plant, dust and fumes dull the finish on cars parked in the adjacent lot. But conspicuous there are two sheds reserved for the manager and his assistant. Once a new employee ran his car under the shelter and was sharply reprimanded. In fact, he was docked time while he moved his machine—an incident which led to unflattering legends being scrawled over the stalls reserved for the favored executives.

And what about time clocks? Henry Ford, Sr., used to require all his salaried employees to use them, right up to the top brackets. That austere rule now has been relaxed, I understand, and executives there don't have to punch in and out as is the general custom. In many companies, those in authority *seemingly*—that qualification is important—set their own hours. Often they stroll in, acknowledging bows and greetings, after associates and subordinates have been at their jobs an hour or more. Bosses who take afternoons off for a football game or a round of golf are a part of the tradition of modern business.

I could run on with other examples—executive dining rooms, for example, or special privileges with company cars. But they all pivot on my question:

Should executives have special privileges?

Perhaps they should. Perhaps it is wise and proper that just as salaries grade the staff of a firm, so should special favors. That is, as a man moves up the ladder, the fact should be recognized by relieving him from time-clock re-



Special PRIVILEGES for EXECUTIVES?

sponsibilities or by providing him with a svelte office and a Powers-model private secretary. After all, the better-paid men live in better homes and may even send their children to private schools. Why, then, it could be asked, should the plant or the office be an exception to the order of things which puts a premium upon ambition and ability?

Or it may be that fine front offices—with built-in bars—are justified on grounds that they impress visitors and help sell goods. Air conditioning, it could be pointed out, makes for healthy, comfortable bodies and clear brains so conducive to wise decision making.

So I may be raising a bogus issue after all. Those two sweating workmen I mentioned at the outset may have been talking through their hats, as we say, and really were content that "the big

shot" had a cool office because "he earned it." Perhaps the executive who followed the example of the Ontario farmer and lighted his plant better than his office was actually seeding a reaction among his employees comparable to the one the late Alfred E. Smith once harvested among former neighbors.

"Al" had returned to his native fish-market area in New York City, so the story runs, to make a political speech. As beffited a young man getting up in the world, he was wearing a fine suit

Good Judgment Essential

*Declares Curt E. Wild
Textile-Mill Owner
St. Gallen, Switzerland*

INVARIABLE rules are impractical in the problem outlined by Mr. Sembower, for conditions vary from plant to plant, store to store. The essential factor is good judgment on the part of the executive.

Entertainment of customers on office time, for example, is justifiable if they come from a distance and if it is in the firm's interest to get help and information from them. A good executive will not abuse the privilege, of course.

Our custom is to allow two hours at noon at the office but only one and a half for the mill, with no clock punching for executives. It is wise for an executive to start and stop work at the same hours as nonexecutives have, yet he should be willing to work longer, as he often does. This and other responsibilities entitle him to such special privileges as air conditioning and longer vacations.

Mr. Sembower's whole question comes to a sharp focus in compensation. Salaries tend to level employees, so here again the executive should use good judgment to manipulate bonuses in order to correct this tendency, to reward merit, and to give special incentive for better performance.

Reductions of salary are to be avoided. During my more than 20 years as owner-manager of a small textile mill, I have done this through all the years of textile crisis with but one exception when I had to move a man to another job paying less. Usually the small savings a firm makes by reducing salaries are more than counterbalanced by illwill created; contrariwise, goodwill is built up by avoiding such reductions.

Four-Way Test for Privileges

*Advises R. Natarajan
Telephone-Equipment Manufacturer
Madras, India*

THIS is a lively problem for me. Various groups of executives in my industry have all wanted special privileges. These men are foreign technical experts, foreign-educated Indian officers, engineers of supervisory grades, and so on. One group has requested segregated wash rooms, another special leave of absence. How can such problems be solved?

All over the world—including Soviet Russia—rewards in industry are recognized. Rewards are something additional to basic work conditions and

wages. These "special privileges" are really rewards for more responsible or serious work and they should be based on personal considerations.

One factor, however, should be clearly understood. Essentials like good lighting should not be treated as special privileges. They are basic necessities for good work.

I believe that privileges should be granted. And I believe that the Four-Way Test* will be a sure pointer to the solution of each individual case.

- 1. Is it the truth?
- 2. Is it fair to all concerned?
- 3. Will it build goodwill and better friendships?
- 4. Will it be beneficial to all concerned?

Bosses Should Chew Apples

*Suggests Arthur M. Lockhart
Asphalt Manufacturer
Long Beach, Calif.*

FOR the boss only, mahogany desks, plush carpets, subdued lights, sound-proof walls, push buttons, beauteous secretaries, and a pair of Cadillacs in the garage? Perhaps—and why not? (If the operation is in the black and paying dividends.)

In any business, "the carpet" is the symbol, the toga, not only of authority, leadership, success, but the protection and guidance that ensure the welfare of the men and women comprising the working crew. Is there envy because the boss "eats higher up on the poker"? No. The boy in the mailing department looks to the day when his own name may be graven in gold letters on the boss's door. Stately buildings, well-appointed offices, dignified, prosperous-looking officials, make workers *proud* to be parts of such organizations. Deep down in their hearts they wouldn't want it any other way.

We can't all be white-collar people, of course. Somebody has to do the sweating. But there's usually a balance in the bestowal of rights or privileges. The straw boss is as big a shot in his own sphere as the top boy in the swank office. On down the line you'll find supervisory functions, properly and effectively assigned, making a practical, logical balance of power and authority in all segments of the undertaking, large or small.

And there must be a balanced contact between the higher-ups from the front office and the toilers at the back end. In my feeble opinion there's no better way to create this than constant personal contacts. I mean strolling into the shop day after day, chewing an apple, visiting with some of the fellows, asking friendly workers friendly questions, and looking human. The presence of "the big cog" brings a glow



Illustration by Willard Arnold

and a brown derby hat. But as he climbed to the truck under the glare of flares, he jerked off his "bowler" and coat, then snapped his galluses. He would show his old friends and neighbors that he wasn't stuck up! But a strange thing happened. Before he could speak, they booed. Why? Because they resented what seemed to be a patronizing gesture. He had moved up the ladder. They were proud of it and wanted him to be his new self.

Does this story penetrate to the core of the matter? Is it natural for society to stratify on the basis of achievement and power and wealth? Should it be so even in an office or an industrial plant, with special privilege as well as salary being the mark of a man of distinction?

I'm just raising questions. I don't answer them. That's for you to do.

Human Nature Put to Work



The grass in front of the waterworks building in Norwood, Ohio, was taking a terrible beating. No amount of "Keep Off" signs did any good. Recently a city employee posted a medium-size sign: "YOUR FEET ARE KILLING ME." The grass has been beautiful ever since.

—C. J. Collins, Norwood, Ohio



Once there lived in Japan a sanguineous feudal lord, his young son, and a jester. One day the lord decided to perplex his jester by disguising his son and the sons of four subjects. The five youths seemed identical. Then the lord called his jester to distinguish which was his son. After a moment's inspection the jester proclaimed triumphantly, "Ha, ha! Your lord's precious forgot to hide his beauty spot!" Instantly, the four children looked at the lord's son. The riddle was thus solved.

—T. S. Ishitaka, Niigata-ken, Japan



"To hear ourselves as others hear us"—sometimes it's possible. A family I know was faced with a problem: the 10-year-old boy in the apartment upstairs had joined a drum-and-bugle corps, and his quavering rehearsals invariably awakened their small baby. Pleas to the upstairs family brought no results. At last the baby's father—a radio technician—set to work. He made a phonograph recording of the bugle rehearsal, note for terrible note. Then, during the nap time of the 10-year-old's younger brother, he played the record at full volume. This was repeated for three days—no longer. For after that the apprentice bugler carried his horn into the woods for practice. The families continued to live in quiet harmony.

—LeRoy Hebert, Arlington, Mass.

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.

to the boys and they begin to love the old guy and think him "regular."

Compare the stiff snob who, if he did go into the plant, would swing through as if he were God and the men ants. Too often the so-called "inspection trip" is a stiff-shirted brigade of stuffed shirts traipsing around as though afraid to get their shoes dirty. Men notice such dandies and hate their alimentary canal.

Here is an opportunity that's terribly neglected. If the big boys would only "hep up," there'd be far less labor trouble to hit the headlines!

Advice from Old China

Relayed by H. J. Brunnier
Structural Engineer
San Francisco, Calif.

BACK of obvious differences among businesses lies an all-important fact that executives should forever keep in mind. It is that *each of us wants to be somebody*. The problem for us who employ others is to turn that pivotal fact to profitable account. The word that should be used most—and with the same meaning—both by employer and by employee is "we."

This idea got fixed in my mind many years ago during a drafting-board "bull session." Our organization was then small, and as we dreamed about how we might become larger by doing greater jobs, I developed the thought that the final draft of what we could do would be the combined thinking and effort of us all.

"From now on," I proposed, "let's all refrain from using the pronoun 'I' and instead say 'we.'"

That suggestion took hold. I know that I tried to follow it conscientiously. Then as we grew, a sea-minded associate started to call me "Chief," and the nickname has stuck. Employees even refer to my wife as "Chief's mate" and they style themselves the crew.

Whatever success we have had is due to this feeling of *we-ness*, if I may coin a word. It obviates many problems. For example, each man keeps his own time card on which his pay is based. We have no fixed hours of work. But if anyone would abuse this privilege, the gang goes to work on him. If they can't change his ways, it may be necessary to discharge him.

That happened just once in our 42 years. After paying off the man, I called him into my private office and talked frankly. It was hard to do, yet I'm grateful that he came to me some years later and thanked me for firing him. Today he's an executive in a large Chicago firm and a good friend.

My discovery of *we-ness* as the key-

stone in the arch of good employer-employee relations has been repeated countless times by others, of course. It's a truism among executives everywhere. But probably it has never been stated better than it was 2,500 years ago by Lao-tse, the Chinese philosopher, who said:

*A leader is best when people barely know he exists,
Not so good when people obey and ac-
claim him,
Worst when people despise him.
"Fail to honor people, they fail to
honor you."
But of a good leader, who talks little,
When his work is done, his aim ful-
filled.
They will all say, "We did it ourselves."*

Bosses Are Like Ship Captains

Points Out I. B. Sutton
Hardware Wholesaler
Tampico, Mexico

THE personal equation is the most important of all factors in business, so no rules can be established. But generally speaking, a business executive is like the captain of a steamer. He has the loyalty and co-operation of his officers and crew, but the responsibility of success or failure is his, as well as the obligation to decide matters promptly with a firm "Yes" or "No." To discharge such responsibilities he must have special privileges.

The best executives I have known invariably spend longer hours at their work than nonexecutives. Ordinarily bonuses and reductions should be applied across the board, but with justifiable exceptions for both executives and employees who merit recognition for extra effort and intelligent contribution to the success of the enterprise. Air conditioning is a good investment for any office during the hot weather, and for stores in general. In many plants and industries, however, it is difficult if not impossible to install this added comfort. Here our vacation practices are governed by types of position and length of service of the employee, which is application of Rotary's idea that he who serves best profits most.

It is apparent that the exigencies of many unscrupulous labor leaders in demanding higher and higher wages in the face of serious inflation, trying to outdo each other in record gains for their particular groups, can only end in a disastrous readjustment eventually. The country's enviable national economy is being dangerously undermined, and the United States Government is being rapidly socialized, as these labor leaders—several of whom have [Continued on page 49]



for Rotary

Elixir



Illustration by Seymour Kremersky

Need 'pepping up'? Here's a fine old tonic.

IF YOU HAVE grown old in Rotary, or if years of membership have dulled your appreciation of our great organization, I prescribe this treatment: Go attend a charter night! There is nothing quite like it to brighten your eye, stimulate your sluggish circulation, and quicken your Rotary step. It is even recommended for younger members who haven't quite caught on or whose flame of enthusiasm may be flickering.

I am not so old by some standards, and I've been a Rotarian only 21 years, but I confess to an occasional letting down of my responses to the weekly meetings of my Club. Even District Assemblies and Conferences fail to arouse me sometimes. Recently, however, it was my privilege to attend a Rotary charter night in a little city in the hills of northeastern Pennsylvania, and it was there I discovered this antidote for boredom, this sure cure for lagging interest. An unfailing source of renewed enthusiasm. An inexhaustible supply of Rotary elixir.

When the wire had come asking me to attend and speak, I had never until that moment heard of Kingston, Pennsylvania. I did not know that it is a pretty place of 21,000

people on the Susquehanna River just across from Wilkes-Barre. I knew nothing of its hard-coal mines or nylon mills. I knew only that a number of business and professional men there had thought well enough of Rotary to organize a Club. And, equally important, that Rotary International, after a preliminary survey of the locality and a careful analysis of the available classifications and the proposed charter members, had given its stamp of approval.

And so one crisp morning soon afterward my good wife, Madeline, and I stepped into our car and pointed it southwest. By that time we had learned, incidentally, that it was some pioneers from our own Connecticut who, nearly 200 years before, had taken this same trail to found the town now called Kingston!

It was a happy, good-looking throng that greeted us in the Crystal Ballroom of the Hotel Sterling in Wilkes-Barre that night. There were the 35 members of the new Club and their Rotary friends from Wilkes-Barre, who had sponsored them, and from

many other Clubs. There were their ladies in their party finery and their distinguished guests. There were food, song, and speeches. Though I was scheduled as the principal speaker and endeavored to deliver an address appropriate to the occasion, it was not what I said or even what District Governor Nick Rahn said when he presented the charter that will be longest remembered by that crowd.

They and I shall remember longest the simple faith and confidence with which President Bob Jones accepted the charter. Here was no blind, groping leadership. Here was no doubt as to the world-wide strength of Rotary or its future benefit to Kingston. He and his fellow members had purchased no pig in a poke. There was no blind choice. As experienced and successful men, after carefully considering the best interests of Kingston, they had selected Rotary as the medium best equipped to meet their needs.

"It is the fulfillment of a long-cherished desire to be called a Rotarian and to be numbered among the many thousands of Rotarians the world over," President Bob Jones began. A [Continued on page 49]

By **CHARLES W. PETTENGILL**
Rotarian, Greenwich, Conn.



Youth Making Tracks

AMONG the various unofficial movements that are making their contributions to the promotion of better understanding and the solution of mankind's problems through peaceful methods is hostelling. Begun in Germany 40 years ago, it has spread to 25 countries spaced around the earth. Do you know the hostelling story? If not, these questions and answers should give you at least the rudiments of it.

What is hostelling? It is responding to the impulse to see what's around the corner, along the open road, through the forest—streams, lakes, historical spots, farms and factories.

It is freedom of travel—biking, hiking, canoeing—progressing, as hostellers say, "under your own steam."

It is meeting and making friends of people you otherwise would never encounter and exchanging with them ideas, impressions, and experiences that will make for a better and happier world.

Who engage in hostelling? Young people—high-school and college students, young adults—teachers, nurses, commercial and industrial workers—in fact, anyone young in spirit with an open and inquiring mind and a co-operative disposition.

Where do they go? Wherever there are hostels for them to stay at overnight—near at home or far away.

What is a hostel? A building erected or adapted to receive 1, 2, 3, 10, 20, 30, or more hostellers who come along about sundown

tired and hungry. Some hostel buildings are very fine; others are quite simple, some even rather rugged in some aspects. However, a few basic requirements must be met in all of them. Each must have separate bunk rooms and washing and toilet facilities for the sexes, a common room for eating, for singing, for games, perhaps a square dance. There must be some sort of cooking facilities with which the hostellers can prepare their evening meal and their breakfast. And there must be houseparents at the hostel who will enjoy having young people as their paying guests.

Let us imagine we are at an American hostel. Let's say it is a sponsored trip—one organized by an American Youth Hostel Council. It consists of ten or a dozen trippers and their trained and experienced leader. They have been biking all day, doing 25 or 30, perhaps 40 or 50, miles—

Photos: (above and below, top p. 21) Helen Carter



Pausing from pedalling his bicycle, this hosteller views the picturesque rock-and-thatch houses on Britain's Isle of Wight.

*Pedalling hostellers young and old
build world understanding
as firm as the roads they ride.*

By CHESLEY R. PERRY

Chairman, Board of Directors and Treasurer
Metropolitan Chicago Council, American Youth Hostels



Photo: (above) Danegger

not difficult with three-speed touring bikes. They come down the road about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. They greet the hostel with shouts of joy. It is their home for the night. They have brought with them from the nearest town the makings for their supper and breakfast. They are welcomed by one or both houseparents, to whom they hand their passes (membership cards) and show their sheet sleeping sacks—a requirement at all hostels everywhere.

The facilities and any of the special rules of the hostel are explained to the leader and his trip-

pers. They sign the register and pay the 50-cent overnight fee to the houseparents. When the parking of the bikes and packs has been attended to, the trippers will want to wash up. Some may want to flop on their bunks to rest a while. Others will want to stroll about to see what there is to be seen—especially if the hostel is on a farm.

Those who have volunteered to do the cooking will proceed to prepare supper and as soon as it is ready they will shout, "Come and get it!" and the hostellers will line up pronto with their plates, cups, knives, forks, and spoons, and



Cycling is easy along canals and waterways on the flat roads of Holland.



A North African gives travel tips to a "Yank."



German and U. S. youths rebuild a bomb-shattered hostel in Nremen.

Photo: Freedman



This young cyclist waits for her companions outside a fishing village in Portugal. . . . (At left) Hostellers review their directions in France.

with their plates filled they'll surround the mess table. As soon as they are all there, they will join hands and sing The Hostellers' Grace:

*Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him where e'er our footsteps go,
And may our joy and happiness
In comradeship all others bless.*

and then they will dispose of the supper.

After the meal each one will wash his eating kit, and the cooks (or a special detail) will clean and put away the pots, pans, and kettles. The group will then settle

down in the common room for some songs, some chatter about the day's experiences or about past or future trips. Possibly the housefather will tell them one or more of the legends of the neighborhood. Perhaps there may be a folk or square dance, but 10 o'clock is bedtime for an early get-up in the morning.

Everybody will be up at 7 A.M. and the breakfast detail will be on the job. Others will be exploring the neighborhood or packing their bags and checking the condition of their bikes. Breakfast over, dishes will be washed up, cooking utensils cleaned and put away, blankets shaken and folded, and the hostel swept out. The housemother and the leader will inspect the premises to make certain that everything is as neat and clean as when the group arrived. If everything is okeh, their passes will be returned to the hostellers, good-byes will be exchanged, and by 9 o'clock the group will be a-rolling again. If it is a week-end trip, they will be on their way home. If a longer trip, they will be heading for the next hostel.

WHAT will they do en route? They will ride safely at a leisurely pace, singing as they go, stopping whenever there is anything of special interest to be inspected, detouring perhaps for some famous garden or historical spot or college campus or farm or industrial plant. They will look for opportunities to chat with people they encounter and learn things from them. Hostelling is recreation and fun, but it has its educational and cultural benefits. It is an undergraduate, or postgraduate, course in human relations—and in the study of clouds, trees, flowers, bird and animal life. Our hostellers will eat lunch by the side of the road or on the bank of a river or lake, and they will have a swim if they find a good place for it.

Hostelling is not intended to be a single-trip experience. In the Middle West of the U.S.A. there are many among us who have been hostelling for five, ten, even 15 years. They still enjoy it. Americans should first hostel near at home.

After that they can strike out for more distant points. For ex-

ample, Midwest Americans after a trip to the Green Bay (Door County) Peninsula in Wisconsin can plan to travel the Horse Shoe Trail in the Amish and Mennonite section of Pennsylvania, visiting Valley Forge and Gettysburg, and through Maryland to Washington and the Potomac area. Or to the New England States, where hostelling began in the United States and where are most hostels of the country today. Then over the border through Ontario and Quebec and the Maritime Provinces of Canada. After that comes the great adventure of a hostelling trip overseas—in Great Britain and Ireland, France, Switzerland, and other countries of Western Europe which are far ahead of the U.S.A. in supporting the hostelling movement.

In each of the 25 countries having hostels, there is a national group association, but to standardize procedures they are united in an international federation and those holding membership in any national hostelling association are privileged to use the hostels in any other country.

Why support youth hostels? Hostelling is a desirable activity for young people. It helps to develop better citizens. It helps to integrate the nation. It instills and strengthens an appreciation and love of Nature in the outdoors. It yields dividends in health, in vigor, in happiness. Internationally it is a factor in developing understanding and goodwill as young people of a score or more countries travel together and live together in the democracy of hostelling.

Who can support it? First, responsible youth-loving people who have a building which can be used as a hostel and for which they will act as the houseparents. Second, public-spirited individuals and groups such as service clubs who will form a hostel-sponsoring committee to assist the houseparents in the equipping and maintaining of the hostel.

Third, those who can contribute thought, time, or money to their national council and to their various local councils so that the movement may be extended further and further to the benefit of more and more.



Samoa (15,000 miles) and Iceland (2,426 miles) may be out of bicycle range, but these hostellers plan a long trip on Nantucket.

Youth Making Tracks —in New England

IN 25 countries you will find 2,300 hostels and tens of thousands of hostellers. One of those 25 lands is the United States and one of the sections in it that has many a hostel trail is New England.

Here—in a photographic study of hostelling in the U.S.A.—you see 16 Massachusetts hostellers off on an inexpensive adventure in their Cape Cod country. That they "hop" a ship to get from one trail to another does not affect their hostelling status; in fact, any kind of emergency transportation goes. It's the fun of hitting the out-of-doors together that hostellers are after.

Like their fellows everywhere, these 16 have their trip well planned—with time enough to stop, look, and listen along the way. Each carries a pack furnished when he paid his fee to headquarters at 6 East 39th Street, New York City, or to a near-by AYH council office. Each one has a mess kit, a dish towel (for his "K. P." detail), and easy-to-launder clothing—20 to 30 pounds in all.

With this gear, they'll make 20 to 40 miles a day, learning a lot about their country—and rugged independence.



For slowpokes among the party of 16, the leaders chalk arrows to show the turns; the boxes in the arrow indicate number of miles.



Life on wheels requires economical packing for the overnight trips (left) and cooperation (above right), such as pumping up bicycle tires for others.



Crossing from Woods Hole, Mass., to Martha's Vineyard, boatmen watch the land, eager to go again under their own power.



Along narrow roads on Cape Cod (left), "bikes" maneuver better than cars. . . . (Above) A visit to a lighthouse to admire a view.



Exercise means hearty meals (left) and dishesinking on semibliss lines. . . . (Above) The youths learn regional folktales in a New England parlor. . . . (At right) Early to bed—girls go to the attic; boys go to the barn.





How communities, states, and a nation join

to help wives and children pull through the crisis—

TO HIS fellow workers at the cleaning plant, Jack Starkey was just sounding off as usual. "I've had enough! Last night the kids kept me awake. Night before Catherine yapped until 3 A.M. about all the bills we'll have when the new kid comes. Now my mother-in-law is on her way to help Catherine, but who's going to help *me*?"

What made this noon different from a hundred others was that Jack Starkey didn't just air his grievances at lunch time and go on home at night. Instead he voted himself a poor man's divorce. Boarding a bus he headed for parts unknown.

In the United States during 1951 an estimated 120,000 Jack Starkeys abandoned 300,000 children who then had to have public assistance. Seventy thousand other fathers, though legally divorced, either paid no alimony or not enough and as a result 175,000 other youngsters had to have help.

These deserting husbands, whether their divorce is legal or self-decreed, cost the U. S. Government 174 million dollars during 1951. This money was spent as part of the Aid to Dependent Children program, which aims to keep families together when the supporting parent has died, become incapacitated, or left the family. Federal funds cover roughly half the cost; the remainder comes from States and localities which administer the program and decide who is eligible for how much aid.

What the runaway husbands cost their wives and children in terms of emotional havoc is beyond reckoning. Yet during the first shock of abandonment it is with money matters that Jack Starkey's wife must grapple. Foremost her grocery bill. Then a few days later the rent. And ahead looms the birth of her baby. Catherine Starkey lived in Portland, Oregon, and could receive emergency help while her application for Aid to Dependent Children (and their mothers) was being cleared.

If Catherine had lived in certain States, emergency funds might not have been available. In other States she would have had to wait some months before she could qualify for A.D.C. In still other States she would have had to "exhaust all legal remedies," meaning that a wife must try to find her husband and, if she succeeds, must enter charges against him before she can receive A.D.C.

The Starkey children, luckily, received A.D.C. while Catherine was inquiring for her missing spouse. At last a friend wrote that Jack had been seen in Seattle's ball park. Catherine gave that clue to her welfare worker, who then contacted the Seattle local to which Jack would be paying dues if he were working at his trade. Jack's address was finally obtained and Catherine then turned to the Legal Aid Society, which entered nonsupport charges for her.

SINCE Oregon and Washington have both passed the Reciprocal Support of Dependents Law, a court in Portland asked its opposite number in Seattle to summon Jack for a hearing. At the hearing he was ordered to pay \$75 a month.

This law has the advantage over extradition—formerly the only legal weapon a deserted wife had if her husband had fled the State—of not interfering with the deserter's new job. Chances of getting support from him are thus increased—if the man has not acquired a new set of dependents in the meantime.

Reciprocal Support legislation was first passed by New York in 1949. Since then 38 States, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and Hawaii have followed suit. So far the law had not been used extensively. In one State where a poll of district attorneys was taken, 27 out of 101 did not plan to use it. Of the 74 who favored it, welfare workers reported that in practice the district attorney put other

When Husbands Run Away

cases ahead of humdrum nonsupport cases which make them trouble but no headlines.

However, the law worked well for Catherine Starkey and her two children. A.D.C. funds made up the difference between her basic budget, \$109 a month, and Jack's support money. After the delivery of her third child Catherine went to work as a waitress and her mother cared for the children. To her own and the agency's satisfaction, Catherine's seven-month-old A.D.C. grant could be discontinued.

As this particular story turned out, Jack tired of paying toward maintaining a home but having none of its benefits and so he returned. At this point, or preferably long before, the Starkeys need to work with a skilled family caseworker who could help them to deal more maturely with the stresses and strains that led to their family breakdown.

Although more than 100,000 U.S.A. families receive public assistance because the father deserts, they are estimated to be only 10 or 20 percent of all families disrupted by desertion. Not quite 10 percent of families in which the parents are divorced are on assistance rolls.

THESE figures speak well for the courage and stamina of the many other forsaken families which struggle on unaided or with occasional help from church, lodge, and community. But the figures are frightening from the standpoint of disrupted families who may be passing on a pattern of disruption. Clearly it is a problem which needs bold attack at the roots. Current attacks, however, are directed merely at the thorns and thistles of distributing public aid and, most particularly, Aid to Dependent Children.

Typical is this exposé: A "deserting" husband is found to be visiting his family clandestinely.

A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE

By CLAIRE HOLCOMB



Illustration by Gordon Mellor

He works in a neighboring city while his wife and children live on A.D.C. The reporter assigned to sleuth out this story worked at it for ten days and his expenses amounted to twice what an average A.D.C. family draws in a month. The public-assistance visitor who was supposed to prevent such grafting was responsible in that same ten days for verifying the needs of 80 other families.

Some critics claim that A.D.C. encourages desertion because men realize their families will be supported without their help. Since so many deserted families do not need Aid, it is perhaps as just to say that a competent wife encourages desertion if her husband realizes she can probably manage without him.

Another criticism may stem from the fact that A.D.C. supports not just children whose fathers are dead or incapacitated (51 percent), or whose fathers have deserted (20 percent), or have been divorced (11 percent), or are absent for various other reasons (7 percent). A.D.C. also supports the children of needy unmarried mothers (11 percent). This aspect of the program is looked at askance

by certain of its critics. Yet today's child, whether born in or out of wedlock, is the parent of tomorrow. Should not that child have as secure a home life as possible today so that it will be less likely to increase A.D.C. rolls tomorrow?

Institutional care for these children is recommended by some, but where it now costs \$350 a year to support a child on A.D.C., to support that same child, often less happily, in an institution or foster home would cost about three times as much.

The Baltimore, Maryland, Department of Public Welfare dealt with the marginally capable mother by supplementing its assistance program with a Protective Service offering casework and psychiatric counselling. One of its cases involved a 17-year-old with two illegitimate children. In her neighborhood and by herself she was labelled bad. When relatives insisted that they should rear her children, she turned to the Protective Service for help, and within six months she had begun to mend the havoc which her disastrous start in life had wreaked. She wanted to change and she wanted

Know Your Product!

DO THE MEN who make it use it? That is a question intelligent management tasks more and more often today as it seeks better and better internal industrial relations.

It's easy for the man who works in a cereal factory to have a bowl of his own product for breakfast. It's only a little harder for the girl who assembles hair dryers to obtain one for use on her own tresses. But what about the men and women who fabricate road graders, locomotives, and airplanes? Almost impossible for them to try out the end-item.

Two California Rotarians got to thinking about this some months ago. They knew that in the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, for which they work, many employees never saw much more of plane than the instruments they uncrtched or the flaps they riveted. Wouldn't everybody gain if all workers could really get next to a Lockheed aircraft?

In short order the two Rotarians (John Canaday, of Los Angeles, and Henri Chappellet, of Burbank) mapped a plan for taking every one of Lockheed's thousands of employees aloft for a free half-hour plane ride—in a Constellation.

Fifty passengers went up each time, the flow regulated so that no department would be stripped of its work force. As a result, men in work clothes, stenographers in sports dresses, and executives in business suits boarded the plane together. The big craft flew more than one million passenger-miles on the operation.

Some interesting facts came to light. A third of the employees had never been up in a plane before, and only 15 percent had flown in a Lockheed plane. "It was all well worth it," the organizers agree. "We received scores of letters thanking us and recounting interesting experiences. Our personnel people report a new enthusiasm that should have lasting effect."

Now—your product? Do the people who make it use it?



to give her children the best home life she could.

In contrast to this constructive approach—at least as many social workers view it—is the recent Federal legislation that permits States, if they choose, to make available the name, address, and amount of grant of those who receive Federally aided public assistance—that is, the needy aged, disabled, and blind, as well as dependent children. One of many scandals which led to the provision that public-assistance records be confidential involved a State governor who wrote Aid recipients that if they wanted their grant continued, they must reward their good governor at the polls.

Besides the danger of illegal use of the lists there is the increased burden to welfare workers. Take the story of a woman who hustled in to report a fraud. She had read that her neighbor, Annie Baxter, was receiving assistance. Yet just a month before Annie had said a wealthy cousin was supporting her. A time-consuming check revealed the wealthy cousin was imaginary, a pathetic dodge of Mrs. Baxter's to maintain standing in her own and her neighbors' eyes, and to guard her children against taunts for being "on relief."

Social workers contend that publication of names is less likely to deter the small proportion of chiselers on the rolls than honest people who need the help desperately, but who may not be able to bear having their need publicized.

Desertion is a problem which requires much more than legislation, as a look at its background reveals. Although a good transportation system makes it easier, desertion existed long before the automobile or airplane. In 2000 B.C. Hammurabi ruled that a deserted wife might remarry. In A.D. 1685 Rhode Island decided on a policy for relieving deserted families.

If you ask the man who does it, he'll tell you he left his family because his wife nagged or his apartment was too small. Students of the problem say that compounding such ordinary harassments are the demands of our economy for a mobile labor force. A 1949 Census Bureau survey indicated that one out of every five persons in the U.S.A. lived in a different house

from the one he had lived in a year earlier! Thus the clergyman or old friend who might have helped a family heading toward disaster was simply not around in the new community. While this community needed newcomers in its labor force, it could not house or educate or assimilate their families. Therefore it often dubbed them "Okies" and tried to forget them.

Components of the desertion problem often are sexual maladjustment, emotional instability, or alcoholism.

Skillful casework such as that provided by the family service agencies offers hope for decreasing our toll of deserted families. These agencies, relieved by public assistance of dispensing basic maintenance, forge steadily ahead, spreading and improving their techniques for helping people to get at the root of their difficulties. Yet the more than 250 agencies in the United States and Canada are not nearly enough.

A PROMISING, but thus far unique, approach combining casework with legal aid and help in husband-hunting has been developed by a small, privately financed agency in New York, the National Desertion Bureau. In 41 years it has handled 55,000 cases, and located 30,000 missing family members. Last year two New York City Department of Welfare workers were assigned to coöperate with the Bureau. Ordinarily these workers have only limited time and facilities for hunting husbands. However, working with the Bureau's staff they found 218 men whose whereabouts might not otherwise have been discovered. Reconciliations effected or support obtained by this joint effort of private and public agency is estimated to have saved \$85,000 in public assistance during 1951.

To solve the problem of desertion will require the full coöperation and active help of church, school, court, and public and private social-welfare agency. The problem is beyond any single organization, but united they can muster the strength that is needed. We have the resources to deal with desertion. We must demand they be used.

W-h-i-n-g D-i-n-g!

That's the name of a post-prom party

Indiana Rotarians give and parents bless.

DURING the small hours of a Spring night soon to come, mothers and fathers in Portland, Indiana—rousing to the fact that their sons and daughters are not yet home—will calmly roll over and go back to sleep. The youngsters can play until dawn for this is the night of the "Whing-Ding"—a superparty that follows the high-school junior-senior prom. The 54 Rotarians of Portland give it.

Time was when the annual prom launched youngsters onto dangerous highways for the entertainment of near-by cities. So Portland Rotarians—like those in West Allis, Wisconsin, and other spots—organized this pop valve for teen-age energies.

Last year's party started at midnight. First the young people trooped to a theater party; Rotarians ushered. Next, at 2 A.M., the young folk went to the Elks Club for an hour-long floor show by professional entertainers. Apron-clad Rotarians toted trays and tended the soft-drink bar. Finally the partygoers descended on the Country Club for a dawn breakfast. Grocers had donated some of the victuals; Rotarians dished them up cafeteria style. The greenskeeper was already starting up the sprinklers on the golf course when the last of the "Whing-Dingers" went home—tired, happy, and safe.

—RUS FIGERT

Crowned like a real Cinderella, this lass needn't heed midnight hour.



*Deep in the social whirl, "Whing-Dingers" are served soft drinks in the Elks Club by a Portland Rotarian (left) . . . take part in radio interviews under a theater marquee (above) . . . and promenade at their prom (below).**



By a plan called an Industrial Health Council, which was born when Birmingham learned that 4,000 workers were home sick every day, this Alabama city has confirmed the old truth that—



The Healthier the Wealthier

By WILLIAM KITAY

in bed every day? What was wrong here? And what to do about it?

"What about urging every company to set up its own health and medical program?" It was several of the C. of C. men who had collaborated with the city's department of health on the survey who were asking. Executives of large companies which had such programs, they knew the value of them—but they didn't quite have the answer. For nine out of ten firms couldn't afford to provide such health services, and it was nine out of ten firms which, employing 250 persons or less, accounted for 75 percent of all the wage earners in Birmingham.

"All right, then. How about a plant-by-plant and business-by-business program of health education and information?" someone else asked.

This was better, but, as the city's health officer, Dr. George A. Denison, pointed out, Birmingham had practically an emergency on its hands. Something more direct and immediate than education was needed. Besides, whatever the plan, it would have to get the active participation of the very people it sought to help—or die for lack of support.

"Suppose," proposed Dr. Denison, "we combine health education with actual diagnostic services." Sure, he explained, teach employees to take care of themselves through booklets, films, lectures, and so on, but go a step

further: provide diagnostic services that would help them determine if they had anything wrong and safeguard them with preventive medicine. "It wouldn't cost too much," the Doctor concluded, "if each firm in the city would participate on a membership basis."

The idea caught the imagination of the Chamber's health committee—and on April 1, 1947, the Birmingham Industrial Health Council came into being. It was the first and still is the only organization of its kind in the United States. It started with nine member firms employing 2,500. Today, with more than 200 member firms which have over 70,000 employees, it is an integral part of Birmingham's commercial and industrial life—and a part many Birmingham Rotarians know well from direct participation. J. K. Williams, education director for the city's health department, is its executive secretary. Covering some 85 percent of all wage earners in the city working for firms with 25 or more employees, the Council has outlived two similar experiments in New York and Chicago. These failed largely because they never got much past the pamphlet-distributing stage.

Here to stay and adaptable to the needs of the small city as well as the large, the Birmingham plan has a twofold objective:

1. To develop and maintain a

A VOLUNTARY-COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE

sustained health education and information program for commercial and industrial employees.

2. To develop and maintain a program of diagnostic service that will give employed persons a practical minimum of health protection.

This, basically, is all there is to this plan for preventing illness, absenteeism, and accidents, though woven into it is the development among participants of an appreciation for the traditional American practice of medicine. You go to your own doctor for treatment, if you need any.

Right from the start the work of the Council elicited great enthusiasm—and turned up some surprising facts. I'm thinking of the case of a certain dynamic Birmingham executive who managed a large plant. A few days after his firm had joined the Council, he was notified that the tuberculosis X-ray unit would roll up to the front of his factory. Eager to have all his employees take the test—though all such tests are always voluntary—he said he'd be first in line. Healthy as a pig, he'd nevertheless set the proper example.

A few days after the "pictures" were taken the executive learned to his shock that he had an active case of tuberculosis and that, in fact, five of the eight persons whose desks faced his had incipient or early TB. He had infected the others. The Birmingham doctors who prescribed the treatment that in time put the executive and his five co-workers back into the productive ranks of the healthy credited the Council's efforts with saving the lives of the six.

But, going back to the plan itself and how it works—its educational feature is directed at both the employee and the employer. For the employee the program revolves around a monthly health tabloid called *Manpower*. For the employer the principal effort centers on the annual Health Workshop.

Published by the Council and edited by its executive secretary, *Manpower* is distributed to every employee of the Council's 200 member firms. Written in everyday language, it openly discusses sex with the same frankness with which it treats cancer or heart dis-

Had Your 'Screen Test'?



Last year 100,000 Birmingham workers took these "screen tests" for health. Of them, 4,000 were referred to their physicians for treatment.

First step in the program is teaching health with literature, posters, and talks.



Blood sample helps nutritionists find deficiencies. Good diet cuts accidents.



How's that? Portable audiometers go into the plants to test workers' hearing.



Staff doctors listen in for the most thorough of the tests—for heart disease.



If heart trouble is indicated, workers get electrocardiograms for good measure.



Complete eye examinations are available; this is a tonometer to detect glaucoma.



Chest X rays taken by mobile units help find tuberculosis, cancer, heart disease.



Blood-pressure tests reveal that one out of seven people has too high a score.

Photos: Graphic Photo Service

ease. Through story and picture and cartoon it informs its readers that health is not a gift but an achievement. Then it suggests intelligent action for better living through good health. Frequent checks have shown that *Manpower* is thoroughly read by all who receive it.

Health posters on company bulletin boards, special radio programs, motion pictures, visual-aid displays, and booklets and pamphlets that are mailed periodically to employees also help step up appreciation of correct health habits.

The Health Workshop is held each Fall. Leading doctors and public-health men from about the U.S.A. comprise its visiting staff and faculty. Some 500 representatives from member firms—top management, supervisors, foremen, department heads—attend the week-long series of lectures and demonstrations. There are exhibits, visual-aid displays, and motion pictures. Speakers stress various phases of the over-all problem of safeguarding the health of employees. But there is no denying the underlying theme of the Workshop. Altruistic—perhaps, in that it aims to improve the general health and welfare of the social order. Selfish—very much so, in that it aims to reduce absenteeism, boost morale, and raise efficiency and thereby cut overhead and increase the earnings and the profits of management.

Part Two of the plan, the diagnostic feature, embraces a series of screen tests, as they are popularly known, providing regular examinations for at least 12 different ailments. No medical treatment is offered. The only advice is a referral to a private physician. All tests are done annually on each employee, with the exception of eye and ear tests, which are scheduled every two years.

Last year alone the Council gave nearly 100,000 individual screen tests. It referred some 4,000 persons to their private physicians for treatment, many with diseases uncovered for the first time. This does not include the hundreds of syphilitics who were detected. Under Alabama law the State provides mandatory treatment for all venereal-disease cases, while those

able to go to a private physician may do so.

Here are some of the screen tests the Council gives right through the year:

Syphilis—Some 17 percent of the employees tested two years ago were found to be positive.

Malnutrition—Council studies have shown that improper food habits are directly related to the frequency of industrial accidents. It is promoting correct eating to



improve work efficiency and sustain vital health.

Diabetes—Some 125 new cases were uncovered last year in persons who didn't know they had the disease. Council doctors use the recently developed rapid blood sugar test.

Tuberculosis—More than 200 suspects have been discovered each year by the Council's X-ray mobile unit.

Vision—Regular visual acuity tests are provided, and one out of every five examined is found to have an eye condition. There is also the tonometer test for glaucoma, one of the leading causes of blindness. Recently the Council purchased a telebinocular, which detects near- and far-sightedness, stereopsis, color perception, and muscle balance.

Hearing—Portable audiometers are used to test employees in the plants.

There are also tests for hernia, lead concentration, high blood pressure (one out of seven turns up with abnormal readings), and a stethoscopic examination for heart disease. If heart trouble is indicated, an electrocardiogram and an X ray are made.

After each test, employees are given a booklet explaining the test and the disease or illness it sought to establish. All persons who receive an abnormal result in any of their tests are sent to a consultant

clinic for rechecking and referral to a physician.

I mentioned tuberculosis in the case of the dynamic executive. It is the control of tuberculosis and syphilis that provides the most accurate measure of the value of the Council's screen tests. Member firms that have had the diagnostic services for three or four years show a reduction of some 50 percent in the number of tuberculosis cases among their employees. In 1949, 17 percent of the personnel of member firms tested for syphilis was found to be positive. Today this figure has been reduced to less than 2 percent.

Further tribute to the screen-test education program is that these dramatic decreases in tuberculosis and venereal diseases have not taken place among the general Birmingham population. In fact, new member firms now coming into the Council have tuberculosis- and syphilis-infection rates equal to those that were found among employees of older firms at the time they entered the Council three and four years ago.

There are many stories that illustrate the influence of the Council's efforts upon the thinking of Birmingham wage earners. Typical is one concerning a front-office secretary who for many years had been an efficient employee. Over a period of time, however, she had become nervous and irritable, and her efficiency had begun to lag.

Normally, her employers and co-workers would have paid only passing attention to the change, but educated to the importance of good health they urged the secretary to seek the advice of the Council's medical advisory committee. (Incidentally, the Council has the blessings and co-operation of the local health department, the County Medical Society, and the Medical College of Alabama, and the representatives of these three groups comprise its medical advisory committee.)

Well, she did, and a hemoglobin test was recommended. It indicated a serious nutritional impairment. The woman was referred to her private physician. Soon she was back to her normal standard of efficiency and again on good terms with the office force.

People [Continued on page 56]

PEEPS

at Things to Come

BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Strainer.** A new food strainer has a finely perforated bottom with a rotary masher with a handle which quickly snaps into place. Constant pressure is provided by a patented tension device. It purees vegetables, fruits, and other foods for babies and invalids.

■ **New Film.** A plastic film that is unusually strong and both heat resistant and an insulator is now available. A sparkling, transparent, colorless film, it retains its flexibility at very low temperatures. It has high dimensional stability, and strength two to eight times that of other films.

■ **For Camping.** New folding easy-to-pack equipment for picnicking or camping includes a water bucket, drinking cup, wash basin, and dishpan. Made of plastic sheeting, the items resist moisture, food, mildew, tearing, and scuffing. The dishpan is 14 inches in diameter, has walls six inches high. The wash basin is ten inches in diameter and 4½ inches high. The cup will take hot coffee and when folded will fit neatly in a shirt pocket.

■ **For Partial Plates.** A Rotarian dentist has devised a cleansing tape for partial dentures—or, rather, for anchors for partial dentures. It is impregnated with various chemicals, including ammonia compounds, and with a cleaning surface. It lasts about a month with twice-daily use.

■ **Insect Killer.** A new insect killer—floor wax—has come into being. Not only will it wax the floor to a high gloss finish, but it will kill roaches, ants, water bugs, and similar pests which try to walk over it. The insecticide that is used, lindane, is well known, but has never been used this way before.

■ **Plastic Coating.** How to make plastic-lined tubing has been known for some time, but a lining on the outside had to wait until now! This coating of plastic makes the tubing impervious to corrosion and free from static charges. Now to make a sandwich—a sheet of plastic on the outside and one on the inside and metal between.

■ **Anti-Slip.** A combination germicide and anti-slip is now offered to shower-bath users. The bath surface is washed and allowed to drain; then the bottom of the tub or floor of the shower stall is sprayed with the germicide. After five minutes the slipperiness will be gone. The solution won't harm the plumbing and is said even to cure cases of athlete's foot!

■ **Quick Display.** A new display sign

that can be attached to glass in a matter of seconds and removed even more quickly is made of decals sealed between two layers of clear plastic sheeting. The transparent panel with the decal sign embedded is mounted simply by wetting a window or mirror with water, placing the sign in place, and removing the excess water with a squeegee. This sets up a bond, which will hold the sheeting in place through all temperatures. By simply inserting a fingernail between the panel and the glass, it may be lifted away and used over again.

■ **Community Nest.** An automatic community hen's nest with curtains made of plastic improves egg laying, reduces breakage, and keeps hens healthy. The interior is divided into sections. The eggs are laid on a sloping screen and roll automatically out of the nest, into a separate compartment where they are kept cool, clean, and unbroken. A separate lid makes them easy to gather.

■ **Glass, Heat-absorbing and glare-reducing window glass is now available. Pre-**

viously this greenish-tinted glass was obtainable only in plate glass. The glass absorbs most of the solar infrared and ultraviolet rays, but a room glazed with it is 10 to 20 degrees cooler than a room with ordinary glass. Also the eyestrain is said to be less.

■ **Nylon Dishcloths.** Nylon has invaded the kitchen by way of a new nylon dishcloth guaranteed to outlast the old-fashioned kind 20 times. It won't sour, for it dries in minutes. Stains can be removed while you think about them!

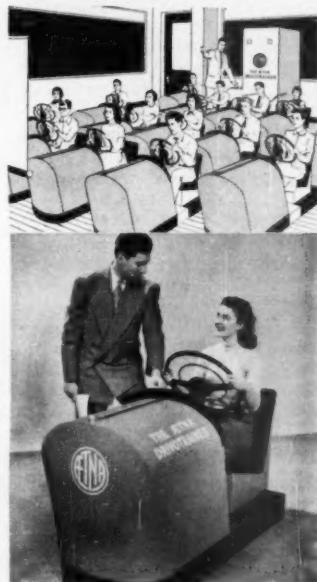
■ **Maid's Helper.** A portable cart for conveniently transporting maids' and janitors' equipment and supplies and workers' tools also keeps such items within easy reach at the point of operations. It aids safety by providing off-the-floor storage for articles that otherwise might be left scattered about, presenting hazards to passers-by.

■ **Sound Photographs.** To assure proper fitting of a hearing aid, a new method is to photograph the sound wave as it leaves the aid, just before it would enter the ear. The photograph clearly shows where certain tones are increased, where others are decreased. Since all hearing aids alter sound waves differently, each aid consistently causing an individual pattern, it is vital to good hearing that the right aid be used. The patient's hearing loss is charted, and the aid, selected by photograph, increases those notes which are difficult for the patient to hear.

■ **Heat Seals.** A hand-operated sealer for easier heat sealing of military packaging materials makes a one-inch seal. The material is softened in a preheater section and ball-bearing rollers apply a final pressure. The entire cast-aluminum sealer weighs five pounds and comes with a 12-foot extension cord.

■ **Clean-Face Incentive.** Obviously aimed at the "small fry," an incentive for washing—with soap—is provided by a new "magic" washcloth with attractive nursery designs which change colors when soap is applied. The designs change back again when the soap is rinsed out of the cloth.

■ **Gutter Guard.** House-roof gutters seem to insist on gathering debris. A new guard which acts as a strainer to keep out leaves and other debris is easily mitred to make corners. Standard sections are 36 inches long, 5½ inches wide. They are self-cleaning.



Complete with all standard controls, this driver-training unit operates in conjunction with motion-picture and slide films of actual traffic situations. Student actions are recorded at a control cabinet. Developed by an insurance company, the unit brings behind-the-wheel training to the classroom.



Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

New Boom in Newfoundland

*Canada's strategic new island Province
is swelling with new jobs and enterprises.*

By JAMES MONTAGNES

ONE March night three years ago 315,000 people—fishermen, woodsmen, businessmen, and miners—quietly went to bed as Newfoundlanders and awoke the next morning as Canadians. Their island, Great Britain's oldest colony, had become the newest Province of the Canadian Dominion.

Big as the step was, it was barely celebrated. Many a "Newfie" had indeed approached it with misgivings, the referendum for joining Canada passing by only 6,000 votes. Now, as Newfoundlanders appraise their progress as a Province, they find themselves in the midst of a lively industrial boom financed by capital from many lands. In the three years there has been more development of natural resources than in the preceding century. New factories, mines, lumber mills, and fisheries have

been started, and more are going up every month. Newfoundlanders are sure that the last half of the century will see their region well on its way to industrial power.

The launching of new projects is an old story to Newfoundland. The British Empire itself was born on Newfoundland's rocky shores in 1497, when John Cabot claimed this new-found land for prudent Henry VII of England. This was Britain's first overseas possession; an empire started with it.

Similarly, centuries later, Cyrus Field began his cable-laying project at Trinity Bay to make trans-oceanic communication possible. Marconi came to Newfoundland's Signal Hill in 1901 for the crucial experiments that made radio possible. And the same towering hill was the last sight of land for airplane pilots Alcock and Brown in



their pioneer flight across the Atlantic.

But for all the enterprises begun upon this island, Newfoundland's struggles have been as rocky as its 6,000 miles of coastline. Its prosperity has largely been tied to the fishing industry. In the 1930s a waning world market for codfish, plus other difficulties, brought on a severe financial crisis for Newfoundland—a Dominion since 1867. Newfoundlanders asked the aid of Britain; a commission government was set up, with the Dominion status suspended. This type of administration continued until

Old cannon guard an old city. St. John's, provincial capital of Newfoundland, was founded in 1583; its harbor is one of the world's best protected.





IRON. . . . The island's rocky hills are weighted with it. Here a freighter is loaded with ore on Bell Island. Soon the Province will have its own steel plants using water power from swift streams.



PULP PAPER. . . . The region's top money-earning industry comes from sky-scraping timber, processed here in Corner Brook for export to British newspapers. Furniture factories are also on their way.



SHIPPING. . . . It has linked Newfoundland to Europe, the Indies, and the Americas since John Cabot's good ship Matthew arrived in 1497. Now air lines, rails, and roads are knitting up the economy.



FISH. . . . Spread out to dry in the sunshine at Pouch Cove, salt codfish are readied for export. Fishermen are now adapting new techniques and equipment, and diversifying their types of catches.

Newfoundland became a Canadian Province.

An irregularly shaped triangle, Newfoundland comprises about 42,000 square miles, some 317 miles north to south and about the same distance at its widest point east-west. On the Canadian mainland, Newfoundland still has jurisdiction over rich Labrador, an area far greater than the island—but with fewer than 5,000 people. Labrador is the site of the big iron development project financed by Canadian mining companies and U.S.A. steel companies.

But another of Newfoundland's assets is its location. Look at a map, and you will see that the provincial capital, St. John's—which boasts a Club of 116 Rotarians—is almost exactly halfway between New York and London. You also see that Newfoundland is no farther

south than Seattle, Washington, or Bordeaux, France. Actually, the weather is only a bit colder than that of England.

This location has brought a new interest in Newfoundland. It was in 1940 that the United States, in the famous destroyer swap, exchanged ships for a 99-year lease on air bases there. With recent modifications, these air bases are still maintained by the U.S.A. And, of course, air travellers also know Newfoundland and Labrador because of the stops that transatlantic planes make at Gander and Goose Bay airports, the former built by the British Government as a defense airport, and the latter hacked out of the Labrador wilderness by Canada during World War II. Such bases have been important additions to the map of Western defense.

Still closer study of the map reveals among the names of 1,300 communities on the island an interesting patchwork of origins. There are Portugal Cove, English Harbour, Frenchman's Arm, Spaniard's Bay, Port-aux-Basques, and so on. These names reflect the nations whence came early fishing fleets. For 450 years men have pulled in rich catches of cod for drying on the shore and shipment to Europe, the West Indies, and the U.S.A. For generations the fisheries have used the same techniques. Now the Canadian Federal Government has taken steps to modernize the industry. Experts are finding more uses for cod by-products, and they are showing fishermen how to use modern boats and equipment. Plans are drafted to build a marine-oil hardening plant and two chemical

factories to turn fish by-products into fertilizers and other products. The organization is also encouraging fishermen to diversify catches.

In recent times, fishing has yielded first place as a revenue producer to another industry. Pulp-paper production from Newfoundland forests now takes top place in the Newfoundland economy. Last year this new Province accounted for one-tenth of the total Canadian paper production. New wood plants are in the making, to process newsprint, cel-

lulose, fine papers, and other products. Other plants are modernizing their equipment; recently new sulphite mills have been opened to supply the pulp industry.

But the sound of ax-on-trunk is not confined to the pulp industry. Woodsmen are now felling hardwood trees for production of birch veneers, flooring, plywood, and doors. A furniture factory has been started. Soon Newfoundlanders will be exporting finished wood products instead of raw materials. A company financed by the Newfoundland government and Canadian and U. S. financiers was organized in 1951 with 99-year leases on timber, water-power, and mineral rights in Labrador.

In the same way, Newfoundland's old iron industry is being renovated. Heretofore, miners have shipped their iron ore unrefined to Canadian and British steel mills. Now the plan is to build at least one steel mill on the island

and plaster. Soon work starts, too, on a plant to make hollow cement bricks.

These new industries, like the fishing industry in earlier days, represent interests from many lands. A Swiss company has sent 300 experienced Finnish foresters to begin cutting 200,000 cords of wood annually in the Lake Melville area of Labrador on concessions totalling 1,400 square miles. More than 1,000 Newfoundlanders will eventually be employed here.

Another Swiss company with German engineers is setting up a heavy-machinery plant near St. John's to produce drilling equipment, crushers, milling equipment, conveyors, and similar heavy mining machinery. A textile mill is being erected near-by by Swiss, French, and U.S.A. interests to spin cotton and rayon goods. Another group of Europeans is starting a fur-processing plant and will encourage setting up small fur

farms throughout the Province to supplement the natural fur catch. And among other small industries are shoe and leather factories, fur tanning and dyeing plants—all scheduled for building by interests from abroad.

Basic to this epidemic of new industries, of course, is the development of water power. The Province has little coal, but rushing down hillsides and plunging off rocky cliffs are abundant streams. Part of the vast iron-ore development project in Labrador includes water-power development. There smelters are to be built to handle part of the minimum production of 10 million tons of iron ore a year—an impressive figure anywhere in the world. Other water-power sites are being studied in Newfoundland, to provide power for both industries and the electrification of many fishing villages.

Yes, Newfoundland has an abundance of streams. And lakes. One-fifth of the island's area is covered by fresh water, and in these water havens fine sporting fish abound. New camps are rising, roads are being pushed through the forests to reach heretofore unfished salmon streams. And tourist hunters will also come in for their due in the unspoiled forest.

Of course, the tourist business, like other Newfoundland industries, faces difficulties. While it is easy to reach Newfoundland by commercial air line or by ship, only one rail line crosses the island and Labrador as yet has no rail facilities at all. Good highways are still rare in the unsettled back country. But Newfoundlanders, who daily see new industries sprouting, are sure that they can beat the transportation handicap.

In the past three years more than a billion dollars of investments have poured into Canada from other countries. Newfoundland has come in for a sizable share of this sum. New capital means new jobs. And the trend is evident in the population increase—some 40,000 people have found homes in the Province since it joined Canada. In the near future, immigrants will likely be arriving at a far faster rate. For the old colony and new Province of Newfoundland is moving at a new-found pace.



Newfoundland has 1,300 towns and cities. This is Torbay, on the coast near St. John's.

Photo: Canadian National Rys.

Stronger Than Treaties

Friendly international business ties work for peace.

By FRANK DUNBAUGH

Rotarian, Miami Beach, Fla.

NOT quite two years ago a distinguished group of leaders from the whole Western Hemisphere flocked into my home State of Florida. Businessmen, diplomats, and outstanding scholars, they had gathered at the University of Florida, in Gainesville, to take a long look at the Caribbean—and, indirectly, at all the Americas—as part of the Mid-Century Caribbean Conference.

For a week they explored a wide range of ideas, differing amicably on many of them. But there was one point on which *all* agreed. It was summed up by one of the men who remarked, "Treaties are fine, but contracts are better."

What he meant was that we in the Western Hemisphere may try to find unity in many ways: we can sponsor official commissions, we can file reports and attend banquets, we can affix our initials to any number of documents. But the only way we can ever be genuinely united is by *ordinary citizens working together as friends*. Here were practical businessmen, objective scholars, and skilled diplomats who have authorized inter-

national policies. And they were agreed that their own work was useless unless it also embodied collaboration in friendship.

Perhaps it was once true, as detractors suggest, that some United States businessmen went south with a cynical "let the Latins be damned" attitude. Perhaps some of these ambassadors of illwill said to themselves, "I know how to exploit this banana plantation (or copper mine, or oil field) better than anyone here. I'll have as little to do with the 'natives' as possible."

And perhaps attitudes like this were once returned by some Latin Americans with, "Let the *Gringo* come. Let him invest his Yankee dollars and his 'know-how.' When he tries to reap his harvest, maybe I have a trick or two up *my sleeve*."

Both these attitudes, I am happy to say, are now largely extinct. In their stead is the newer concept of neighbors working, planning, and doing business together. You can *see* the trend at work. From my own experience, I would like to cite four stories. Each is about

a man I have known in Florida. It won't surprise you that each is a Rotarian.



A practical alliance is this trio—Victor López, Sam R. Knight, and Dionisio Bolívar—business partners, good friends, and Rotarians in Venezuela.

First there is Tom Lewis, a Rotarian from Miami Beach whose specialty is bus operation. Not long ago he was called to Cuba. The Government wanted him to help unsnarl Havana's antique, clanging trolley system. Could he do it? Indeed he could. And did.

He and Captain Jorge Vila worked together as a team with William Pawley, recently named special assistant to the U. S. Secretary of State. This team of Lewis and Vila met every problem head-on. They even trained a force of 2,500 bus drivers, many of whom had never handled a steering wheel before. Thanks to their close collaboration, Havana boasts a modern, efficient bus system.

Now catch the overtones in this conversation I overheard recently in Caracas, Venezuela:

"Look here, Sam, we are wasting our money dynamiting. Why don't we use bulldozers?"

"Okeh, Victor, it's your baby. What do you say, Dionisio?"

"I say, let's try the bulldozers." The first speaker was Victor López, noted Latin-American engineer. The second was Sam R. Knight, a Rotarian from Florida.



Tractors (above) work Venezuelan earth on a López-Knight-Bolívar project. . . . (Right) Artist's conception of the proposed Cultural and Trade Center, Miami.



Pictor: Duray

Nor Bars a Prison Make

WHEREVER men make mistakes and are imprisoned for them, you find other men who want to help them back into society. Among the latter in country after country are Rotarians. Some of them and their Clubs work through officials in local jails, others in great penitentiaries. Though the projects vary, all reflect the same interest in giving those who deserve it a second chance.

In Enfield, Connecticut, is a penal institution that has come in for special Rotary attention. As you see here, it is a large, well-



tended place, accommodating 200 prisoners. It is a thoroughly modern plant, equipped with an up-to-date hospital, library, and enlightened policies of rehabilitation. As might be guessed, the superintendent of Osborn Prison Farm, George H. Bradley, is a Rotarian and Vice-President of his Club in Thompsonville, Connecticut. Through him many other Rotarians in that region have come to appreciate the job to be done here. In fact, a while back he was host to a District Assembly at the Farm. The Club officers from District 291 sat down in the prison-farm dining room for their lunch. Then they



set about seeing how Osborn Farm is managed.

They found no barred windows and no confining cells. Osborn is conducted as an honor colony.

The Rotary visitors saw the poultry farm, where prisoners tend some 10,000 chickens and 1,-



500 turkeys. They saw the 150 Holstein dairy cows which daily yield 2,000 quarts of milk. They inspected the swine and the horses, and then looked over the 20 substantial buildings, complete with machine shops and facilities for storage and recreation. In short, these Rotarians had a complete tour of the farm's

Hartford Courant



1,800 acres—500 of which are cultivated for the raising of produce. These enterprises annually supply some \$125,000 worth of foodstuffs to other State institutions.

Informally, these Rotarians—



among them, guest John Mackie (second from right), of Hounslow, England, Past President of RIBI; Karl D. Lee, of Thompsonville, then Governor of Rotary District 291; James Price, Past District Governor, of Hartford, Connecticut; and Harold D. Richards, of Thompsonville—all talked over their ideas.

Finally, the Rotarians had a chance to talk with members of a unique dramatic cast—prisoners who had produced a Biblical play. It was the story of Joseph, Joseph and Benjamin, a man once also a prisoner—who rose from misfortune to help his people. It was a drama that both prisoners and Rotary visitors could appreciate—it held a message of service for all.



who is now a member of the Rotary Club of Caracas. The third was Dionisio Bolívar, Venezuelan realtor and investor. This conversation concerned a new housing development they are creating—as business partners. They were speaking English, though just as often they talk Spanish.

I've known Sam Knight since he was a colonel in command of the United States Army Liaison Office in Miami. During those days he came into close touch with Latin Americans. He liked them—so when he retired from military service, he went into business in Venezuela. His partnership with Victor and Dionisio has produced several useful profitable enterprises.

Would Sam Knight have gone to Caracas had he not met and liked South Americans? My guess is "No." I also guess that other United States businessmen might follow Sam's lead if they knew their neighbors better. Which brings me to another friend, J. Kennard Johnson.

Some five years ago Rotarian Johnson, general manager of the Miami Chamber of Commerce, had much the same idea. He organized the foreign-trade forums in Miami to give the hemisphere's businessmen a chance to meet. Out of these forums has grown the Chamber of Commerce of the Americas. Its directors come from each nation bordering the Caribbean. And Ken Johnson is the first president.*

Carrying the Johnson idea still further is Dr. W. H. Walker, Past President of the Rotary Club of Miami. Dr. Walker is pushing plans for an Inter-American Cultural and Trade Center. In this Center, men of the hemisphere could come together for trade and shop talk, and also for concerts, lectures, and sports contests. Plans for the Center are already drawn. Both the U. S. Congress and President Truman have given the project official endorsement.

That's the way many big and successful ideas start. It's the way, too, that trends are made—even trends toward a friendlier, more stable world.

*See *Rotarians in the News*, THE ROTARIAN for September, 1950.

*The personal side of world affairs,
and adventure stories of the war against want.*

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

BOOKS of personal experience that illuminate international relations in the world of today hold first place on our bookshelf for this month. Beside them are some highly interesting new books about business and industry.

I read straight through *My Ringside Seat in Moscow*, by Nicholas Nyaradi, with a constant sense of excitement and reward. The title is well justified: as Minister of Finance for the Republic of Hungary, the author spent much of the fateful year of 1946 (when Hungary was gradually coming under Communist domination) in Moscow, representing his country in a dispute with the Soviet Union over reparations claims. Mr. Nyaradi, now a member of the Rotary Club of Peoria, Illinois, has told the story of those months admirably. His pages are rich with revealing incidents like this:

One day in Moscow I saw a long line in front of a *Mostorg* [State store] and I asked one of the men waiting in queue what was going on. "They're selling shoelaces in there!" he said excitedly.

"Do you mean you have to stand in line just to buy shoelaces?" I asked.

"But it's a great privilege," he cried. "Why, in the filthy capitalist countries such things aren't available for the poor workers. In fact, most of them haven't even shoes to lace."

There are humor, suspense, and personal emotion in Mr. Nyaradi's story—qualities that make his book truly enjoyable and absorbing. But there is also perspective, a firm grasp of broad international developments, deep insight into motives and attitudes. The characterization of certain members of the Politburo—the supreme command in the Soviet Union—whom Nyaradi came to know well would alone make his book valuable. I recommend it highly.

Voldemar Veedam was born in Es-



Bachrach
Nyaradi

tonia, was a newspaperman in that republic when it was invaded by the Russians; later conquered by the Germans, then again by the Russians, Estonia became a land of danger for patriots. With 15 other refugees, including women and children, Veedam crossed the Atlantic in a 36-foot sailboat to find sanctuary in the United States. *Sailing to Freedom*, by Voldemar Veedam and Carl B. Wall, is the story of that voyage: a story rich in drama, humor, the sense of real people, and one marked by a deep meaning which is never underlined. I enjoyed every page of it.

Also a book of personal experience, deeply absorbing to the reader, is *The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg*, edited by Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr., with the collaboration of Joe Alex Morris. The body of this book is made up of selections from the diaries of Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, from 1939 to the year of his death, supplemented by letters and speeches. The editing of this material by Senator Vandenberg's son and the latter's collaborator has been done with extraordinary taste and skill. Only a necessary minimum of editorial explanation and comment has been inserted; yet the scattered and often fragmentary materials have been so organized as to give, in the Senator's own words, an almost continuous narrative of the personal experience of one of the most influential and most representative men of his time.

The crux of that experience is one which many of his countrymen shared with Senator Vandenberg: the passage from opposition to any substantial involvement of the United States in international affairs outside the Western Hemisphere, in 1939, to the position in which, a decade later, the Senator was a leader in the formulation of a bi-partisan foreign policy of the broadest possible international co-operation for peace and justice. The truly representative character of that experience is one of the reasons for the tremendous interest and value of this book to the reader of today. Added to this are its personal qualities

of warmth, humor, shrewd insight tempered by charity. Highly dramatic passages in Vandenberg's career—his determined battle against appeasement of the Russians at the San Francisco Conference, for example, where he helped mightily to forge the Charter of the United Nations—hold and stir the reader with the double sense of their historical and their personal significance.

Clearly *The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg* will be an indispensable source for every historian of the period. It is also, for the general reader of today, one of the most absorbing and most rewarding books on public affairs I have ever encountered.

An excellent historical study of one phase of the international organization has been written by Stephen M. Schwebel in *The Secretary-General of the United Nations: His Powers and Practice*. This work is marked by its thoroughness, with full scholarly documentation; by its historical perspective; by its concrete treatment of personalities and its acute analysis—free from bias or distortion—of specific situations and actions. It is written clearly and firmly, in a fashion that gives an enlivening but not limiting personal flavor.

Rightly, Mr. Schwebel devotes part of his book to setting his subject into historical relationship with the earlier experience of the League of Nations. The whole record of that organization is treated definitively in *A History of the*

League of Nations, in two volumes, by F. P. Walters. Sponsored by the Royal Institute of International Affairs of Great Britain, and written by a distinguished scholar who was a member of the Secretariat of the League for more than

20 years, this work covers thoroughly the successive stages of origins, growth, maturity, the struggles of the 1930s, and the final defeat of the League. The consistently high achievement of Mr. Walters in these volumes, both as historical analyst and as writer, ensures their permanent value.

Dr. Josué de Castro, of the Institute of Nutrition of the University of Brazil, is Chairman of the Executive Council of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. In *The Geography of Hunger* he has written a book which I believe to be of the very highest importance. At least two-thirds of the world's men, women, and children are chronically hungry, Dr. de Castro shows; they live diseased and unproductive lives and die untimely deaths for lack of adequate food. Dr. de Castro is far

Looking at MOVIES

BY JANE LOCKHART

KEY: Audience Suitability: M—*Mature*, Y—*Younger*, C—*Children*, ★—*Of More Than Passing Interest*.

Anything Can Happen (Paramount). John Ferrier, John Hunter. Rambling account of adventures of young Russian (Georgian) immigrant as he with difficulty learns American ways, wins an American wife. Aimless, warmly sentimental, romantic comedy. **M, Y, C**

Captive City (United Artists). Joan Camden, John Forsythe. How a crusading editor ferrets out secret of bookmaking network responsible for foul crimes. Briskly played and suspenseful. **M, Y**

★ **The Man in the White Suit** (British: Rank; distributed in U. S. by Universal). Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker. Chemist gets in trouble when he invents suit that won't wear out. Gentle satire on modern industry, done with skill and casualness. **M, Y, C**

My Six Convicts (Columbia). John Beal, Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland. A thoughtful and at the same time humorous story based on published memoirs of psychologist who conducted research project inside a prison, with six inmates as his staff. Believable people in a unique film. **M, Y**

Mr. Son John (Paramount). Helen Hayes, Van Heflin, Dean Jagger, Robert Walker. Film tells how doting mother denounces her son when she suspects he has Communist leanings. Could add fuel to anti-Red hysteria since it appears to be "good" (by association) evidence, unquestioning Chauvinism idea that intellectuals are prone to be mistrusted. **M, Y**

Murder in the Cathedral (British: Classie Pictures). Almost literal filming of T. S. Eliot's famous verse drama on martyrdom of Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. Worth seeing—or rather, hearing—for the matchless diction which the sound track features. **M, Y**

Pictura (Pictura Films). Art film delves into personality of six artists—Bosch, Carpaccio, Goya, Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, and Grant Wood, and their work by means of photographs of their pictures and by musical and spoken accompaniment. A rewarding experience. **M, Y, C**

★ **Singin' in the Rain** (MGM). Jean Hagen, Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor. Music, dancing, color, motion, occasional deft satire in comedy about early movie-making. Plot is unimportant, trite, but the lively accompaniment in song and dance makes film come to life in delightful manner. **M, Y**

With a Song in My Heart (20th Century-Fox). Rory Calhoun, Susan Hayward, Thelma Ritter, David Wayne. Biography of Jane Froman, singer and dancer, and was tragically crippled in plane accident, made amazing comeback after years of suffering. Excellent record of songs by Miss Froman (synchronized with action by star who plays her in film) add to quality of honest, entertaining film. **M, Y**

from agreeing with Vogt (*Road to Survival*) and others that this condition is inevitable. He argues—for me, conclusively—that the earth's resources are far more than adequate to feed properly its present and even a larger population. The road to peace, Dr. de Castro believes, lies in helping the hungry to feed themselves. I urge very earnestly the reading of this well-written, deeply interesting, and positively important book.

analysis shows that this "countervailing power" ceases to operate effectively in a period of inflation. Hence, he concludes, "no one can doubt that inflationary tensions are capable of bringing a major revision in the character and constitution of American capitalism." His treatment of this peril is fresh, penetrating, marked by "goodwill and good humor"—qualities sorely needed, as he notes. I recommend this book heartily.

Two books which complement each other are *The Point Four Program*, edited by Walter M. Daniels, and *The Only War We Seek*, by Arthur Goodfriend. The latter is a book of pictures, of many fine photographs from around the world, with brief text. It reveals concretely and appealingly some of the specific needs and methods related to the Point Four program. The Reference Shelf books are working manuals for the student of current affairs, made up of relevant documents and articles with full lists of references with further reading. Mr. Daniels' book does an especially good job in assembling materials for consideration of the Point Four program.

A deeply appealing life story of adventure, sacrifice, and service in the worldwide crusade against Hansen's disease (leprosy) is *Born of Those Years*, by Perry Burgess. The story is well told; the reader will find in these pages not only the record of an inspiring life, but a broadened understanding of human experience and attitude in many parts of the world. *A Chance to Live*, by John Patrick Carroll-Abbing, is another fine record of human dedication in the face of hardship and danger; to the rescue and rehabilitation of the "lost children of the war" in Italy. It is marked most notably by a high and reasoned faith in the capacity for good in these seemingly ruined children.

In his introduction to *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power*, John Kenneth Galbraith says: "I must humbly appeal to the reader to believe that I could be incomprehensible had I wished." He is, in other words, an economist who believes that economics can and should make sense to the average "diligent reader." His book is an analysis of American capitalism, specifically of the problem raised by the existence of great and powerful corporations, usually not monopolies, but functioning in such a manner that the old economic "model" of competition does not apply. Dr. Galbraith believes that in these cases competition in the old or "classic" sense has been replaced by a new force to which he gives the name of "countervailing power"; the power of great corporations is balanced by that of (a) the buying public and (b) labor. But his

It is extremely interesting to find a book by a British sociologist and two books by prominent businessmen of the United States expressing the same fundamental—and revolutionary—ideas. The three books in question are: *Are Workers Human?*, by Gordon Rattray Taylor; *Incentive Management*, by James F. Lincoln, president of the Lincoln Electric Company; and *Sharing a Business*, by Franklin J. Lunding, chief executive officer of the Jewel Tea Company and former chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. Mr. Lincoln's title supplies the word which is the key to the proposal made in all three of these books: incentive. All three writers hold that there is tremendous waste of human capacities in modern business and industry—that industry can be made immensely more productive, and business more efficient, by provision of real and appropriate incentives for workers. Mr. Taylor reports the evidence drawn from scientific studies in support of this view; Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Lunding present the actual results of sincere efforts to provide workers with genuine incentives to develop their full capacities, and both make specific and practical suggestions for application of the principle. I believe that the reading of these three books, or any of them, will prove highly rewarding to any employer.

The Citizen's Stake in Price Control, by Robert A. Brady, is a forthright and clear-cut study of recent efforts toward price control in the United States, and the issues involved.

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:

My Ringside Seat in Moscow, Nicholas Nyaradl (Crowell, \$3.75).—*Sailing to Freedom*, Voldemar Veedam and Carl B. Wall (Crowell, \$3.50).—*The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg*, edited by Arthur H. Vandenberg (Houghton Mifflin, \$3).—*The Secretary-General of the United Nations*, Stephen M. Schwobel (Harvard University Press, \$4.75).—*A History of the League of Nations*, F. P. Walters (Oxford University Press, \$11.50).—*The Geography of Hunger*, José de Castro (Little, Brown, \$4.50).—*The Point Four Program*, edited by Walter M. Daniels (H. W. Wilson, \$1.75).—*The Only War We Seek*, Arthur Goodfriend (Farrar, Straus and Young, \$3).—*Born of Those Years*, Perry Burgess (Holt, \$4).—*A Chance to Live*, John Patrick Carroll-Abbing (Longman's, \$3).—*American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power*, John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin, \$3).—*Are Workers Human?*, Gordon Rattray Taylor (Houghton Mifflin, \$3).—*Incentive Management*, James F. Lincoln (Lincoln Electric Co., \$1).—*Sharing a Business*, Franklin J. Lunding (Updegraff Press, \$2.75).—*The Citizen's Stake in Price Control*, Robert A. Brady (Littlefield, Adams, \$1.50).

¡HOLA!

*A brief chronicle of a simpática visit
south of the border, with typical photos
snapped along the way by Lisle Updike.*



WHAT gardener hasn't leaned on his hoe and chatted across the back-yard fence about radishes and roses? It's a common custom on a big scale among Rotarian neighbors all along the wire mesh stretched between Mexico and the U.S.A. I'd like to tell you how it goes.

"Join us for a visit down Mexico way," was the word from Phoenix to Rotary Club Presidents throughout southern Arizona. "We're going to call on Mexican Rotarians as they did on us last year and we on them before . . ."

This being the Land of Magnificent Spaces, no one was surprised when 60 Rotarians and their wives met at the border for the six-day trip of at least 1,000 miles. District Governor and Mrs. Enrique Silvestre, special guests from Tijuana, Mexico, would roll up twice that mileage.

Shepherded across the line by Nogales Rotarians, the motorcade rolled south over the modern highway. "Qué tal!" and "Hola!" shouted Rotarians at Magdalena as we tarried, then pushed on . . . to Hermosillo, which means "a little beauty." It's well named. Spread over

an upland plain, this industrial city of 50,000, capital of the State of Sonora, backs up to picturesque peaks. Architecture in old sections recalls its founding in 1742 under the flag of Spain, but new business buildings, the university, and the museums are as moderne as New York or Rio de Janeiro.

The golf course beckoned . . . then the Casino with speeches, a sumptuous dinner at 11:30, and a dance till the wee hours . . . and the following day the fabulous 40,000-acre Rancho Santa Cruz!

Down an off-highway trail we swung over a low hill, then stopped in amazement. Shaded by 60-foot palm trees were *fiesta*-decorated barbecue stands and tables. Smiling cowboys held saddled horses for anybody caring to ride. Led by Ignacio Soto [hat in hand above], Past Rotary District Governor, now Governor of the State of Sonora, a cavalcade soon was loping over the range. Two days later some distinguished Arizona businessmen were still eating off shelves—but happy to have been dashing *caballeros* for an hour.

While wandering *mariachi* musicians



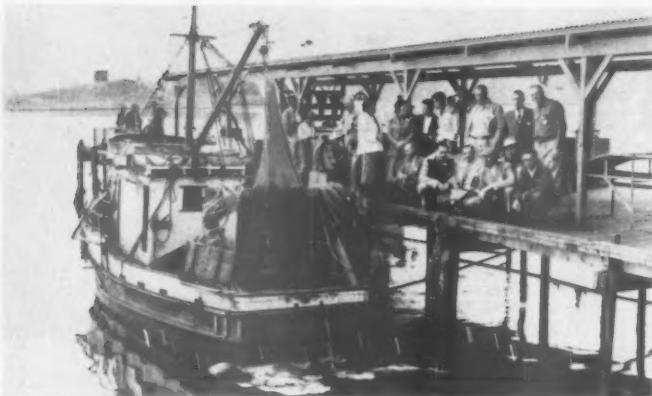
Rotary route for 1,000-mile motorcade.

The Arizona travellers pause near Oviachi Dam, which will water the Yaqui Valley.



serenaded and sang, visitors chatted with Hermosillo Rotarians and quaffed a vast variety of cooling drinks. Then the feast! Plates were heaped with barbecued beef and pork, garnished by such delicacies as *tacos de gordas de harina con machaca* and *jamoncillo de leche*. Cocks sans spurs demonstrated their fighting instincts and ranch hands did roping and swordless bull fighting while spectators clambered on—and occasionally off—the worn-fence corral.

Next stop was Guaymas, where brown crags meet the Pacific and wild geese hover overhead in great swaying V's . . . and welcoming Rotarians were waiting. Here a few visitors peeled off from the main party for deep-sea fishing while



"Shrimp boat's a-comin'." Members of the Arizona motorcade examine a Mexican shrimp boat at the Pacific port of Guaymas. Meanwhile, others went fishing.

others watched shrimp from the Gulf of California being packed by trim, black-eyed girls for the 15-million-dollar U.S.A. export trade centered here.

Turning inland again, we northern neighbors motored through 80 miles of unclaimed desert to witness one of Mexico's modern miracles—the Yaqui River development. Dammed waters will bring life to 750,000 acres of lavishly fertile land by 1955. Already lush fields of rice, wheat, cotton, flax, and sesame seed (you eat them on buns) have created Ciudad Obregón, a city of 25,000 destined to be tripled by 1960. Modern mills make Obregón a miniature Minneapolis, and in one of them we saw

rice hulled and polished for export to the Orient. And we chuckled when told that a certain vibrating machine is termed *Tongolele* by the workmen, named after a dancer whose undulations are celebrated throughout Mexico. . . .

At Obregón the party split up. Some motored on to the half-ruined colonial city of Alamos, a few flew down the coast to Mazatlán, but most Phoenix Rotarians took the home trail . . . already wondering how to match the *simpatía* and hospitality when later this year their hosts come north for a return visit across the international back-yard fence.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



Globetrotting, some of the Rotary ladies find their location at this Hermosillo playground.



In a rice mill in Ciudad Obregón, Rotarians learn that sacks are bound for export to Orient.



Fat turkeys for sale, but no takers.



Neighborly reassurance in Guaymas.

The famed mariachis back up a line of Rotary District Governors and Presidents.



Dinner is a festive occasion, and time for satis and pearls, in a smart hotel in Guaymas. Menu on the slate is taken from table to table.

BY THE WAY

TYPE OF HUMAN INTEREST
ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS
NOTES IN THE ROTARY FIELD

TOP IT? In all the United States there are but three Rotary Clubs meeting on Saturdays—viz., Jennings, La.; Marshall, Minn.; and Port Isabel, Tex. So reports C. CARL CUNNINGHAM, of Concordia (Kans., USA), who has recently attended meetings in those three places. Now he wonders if in all the Rotary world there's another Club that has had one or more members who have visited these three Saturday-meeting Clubs. An challenger?

WHAT'S ROTARY? For C. WILLIAM JANSON, Past President of the Rotary Club of Westport (Conn., USA), it's well put in these words of IMMANUEL KANT, the German philosopher (1724-1804):

"In every normal man, in every moral situation, there is an Inner Voice that speaks and says: 'Either thou shall or thou shall not; therefore, so act in any given sense so as to rule your conduct to become the Universal Law of God.'"

Didn't MARCUS AURELIUS (the Roman emperor-philosopher, A.D. 121-180) put it as well? He said:

"That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee."

L'ENVOI. Come July 1 and the growing band of Past Presidents will have more recruits. And that leads an unnamed rhymester to reminisce in *The Ambassador* of Hamilton (Ont., Canada) thisaway:

*Once I was the great I AM
To whom the lesser lights salaam,
Respected, honored, and OBEYED—
Impressive sight when on parade.
My wish was law, supreme my sway,
I ruled the roost from day to day.
I was a man of some intent,
I was the blinking President.*

*Time marches on. Another day
Another President holds sway;
Nobody seems to give a—
And those present are I am.
Now here I sit, face Thursday noon
And think of days I called the tune,
I was a man of some intent—
Now just one more Past President.*

TRITE & TRUE DEPT. For pat proof of how Nature balances life, go to Pennsylvania. In 1885 it put a 50-cent bounty on hawks and owls. Two years later the law was repealed because farms were overrun with gophers and mice. Some \$90,000 had been paid out in bounties, but damage to orchards and fields was estimated at 2 million dollars!

MAGPIE EYED. An interesting bird is the magpie. It flies about and wherever it goes it finds bits of glass and tin

and other oddlets that reflect the sun's rays, then carries them back to its nest. They're like District Governors who, as they visit Rotary Clubs, come across all sorts of interesting titbits of information to share with others. . . .

Kenneth G. Partridge, District Governor of Port Credit (Ont., Canada), illustrates what I mean with these Robert Ripley-esque items: "First project of Richmond Hill Rotarians—buying false teeth for an impoverished elderly lady. . . . In Chapleau for charter-night ceremonies, he was met at the station by a dog team—other visitors following in open sleigh hauled by a tractor. . . . As a part of its charter-night affair, the Bradford Rotary Club had a bonspiel at one of the two curling rinks in the whole world located on the third floor of a building."

'PEALE PRESENT. DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, New York City clergyman and Rotarian, is editor of *Guideposts*, a little nonsectarian magazine with a big spiritual uplift. Recently he must have smiled happily—what editor wouldn't!—when he learned that Rotarians in Winston-Salem (N. C., USA) formed a special Committee to get more readers for him. Each Committeeman contrib-

uted \$25. The Committee wrote 50 local concerns urging them to subscribe for employees and took action to get further circulation among teachers, in barber shops, beauty parlors, hospitals.

... and that's a reminder. Scores of Rotary Clubs are doing the same thing with *THE ROTARIAN*. . . . Some collect members' used copies to distribute to hospitals, barber shops, waiting rooms, and such.

INALIENABLE RIGHTS. "You never know what freedom of speech really means," believes JOE HIRSCHINGER, who scribes the Quincy (Ill., USA) *Rotary News*, "until you hit your thumb with a hammer."

CONVERSATION PIECE. A woman whom I know has a top-heavy silver-ornamented comb. It's always falling out of her hair, but she refuses to discard it.

"It's my conversation piece," she explains. "You'd be surprised how many interesting talk I've had with ladies and gentlemen who pick it up for me."

Once HAMLIN GARLAND found himself seated at a formal dinner in London beside dour HENRY M. STANLEY, the man who found LIVINGSTONE in darkest Africa. STANLEY was morosely silent. Finally GARLAND had an inspiration.

"By the way," he remarked, "I've



...That Spells R-O-T-A-R-Y!



A PITIFUL-LOOKING man stood before a North Carolina court. He had been tried on a charge of moonshining, and now the verdict was "Guilty!" with a fine to be worked out on roads.

Eyes shifted from his forlorn figure as the deputy sheriff asked permission to make a few remarks. He had supplied the incriminating evidence. Was he going to "make a lesson" of the old man? Spectators expected that, for the deputy was a prominent citizen who had secured his appointment in a sincere effort to break up the illegal traffic in the community.

"Your Honor," he said, "this old gentleman has a sickly wife and a large family of children all dependent upon him. I have talked to him and I think he has learned a lesson which will serve the demands of both justice and society."

"Your Honor, if you can conscientiously see your way to suspend a road sentence and impose a fine—say, \$100—I will pay the fine myself with the costs of the case and then enter into a bond with the State that he does not again engage in the liquor business."

The court did what you would have done, according to Rotarian Thomas J. Henderson, of Yanceyville, who was present and supplies the story.



Have you one to match it—one that exemplifies "the Rotary idea" at work among non-Rotarians? If so, send it in. Should it be published here, a \$5 check will be sent to you for an activity of your Rotary Club.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH



TIS something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve or paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look. . . . To affect the quality of the day—that is the highest of arts.

—Henry David Thoreau
(1817-62)
American Author-Philosopher

heard so many pronunciations of the name of that famous African fly, I wonder how you pronounce tseise?" STANLEY brightened—and they were off for the races.

Have you a favorite conversational piece? Have you had an unusual experience breaking conversational ice?

UNNATURAL HISTORY. Nature's ways amaze scribes on the Club-publication circuit. . . . Ingenuity of flies in acquiring immunity to DDT leads FRANK W. B. HUMES, in *The Spokesman* of Bala-Cynwyd-Narberth (Pa., USA), to conclude "the fly swatter seems to be our only hope." . . . B. MARSHALL WILLIS, penman of *The Round-Up* in El Paso (Tex., USA), is impressed that "a million years ago Nature didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears!"

Down under in Randwick (Australia) GEORGE BRADEN approvingly notes in *The Spokesman* another evidence of Nature's wisdom. It's that man's joints and bones are so arranged that he can't put himself on the back . . . a thought to be linked to the observation of ROY L. DRIS, coll., editor of *The Fellow* in Pomona (Calif., USA), that "ADAM was really the only indispensable man."

FRANK E. SPAIN, Rotary's President, has a favorite Texas story says the *Scandal Sheet* of Graham, M. W. ("PIC") LARMOUR, editor, and this is it:

Once when Gus was a young fellow herding cattle out Salt Creek way, he lay down under a mesquite tree for a nap. When he awoke, he found a coiled rattlesnake on his chest. Knowing the snake would strike his face if he moved and realizing there was nothing else he could do, he closed his eyes and went back to sleep. When he awoke, the snake was gone. And so was Gus.

AVIATION HISTORY was made in 1911 when CALBRAITH RODGERS flew from New York to Pasadena. . . . Rotarians

in San Francisco had a hand in it, though they've forgotten all about it!

The New York American had offered a \$50,000 prize to the first person to fly across the North American Continent. ORVILLE WRIGHT, who later became a Rotarian in Dayton (Ohio, USA), scouted the idea.

"The machine has not been made that can do it," he declared. People listened to him, because he and his brother, WILBUR, had flown the first heavier-than-air machine at Kitty Hawk, N. C., only eight years before.*

But RODGERS and a few others went ahead . . . and RODGERS succeeded. The first automobile crossed the continent in 1903 and had taken 65 days; RODGERS flew it in 49, with 69 landings and three days and ten hours in the air.

"Someday," he prophesied, "we'll do 100 miles an hour if a way can be devised to box in the passengers against the wind. I expect to see the day when we shall fly from New York to the Pacific in three days!"

What did San Francisco Rotarians have to do with the flight? Unfortunately all files of their weekly publication for 1911 have been lost, but veteran-member H. J. ("BRU") BRUNNIE and SECRETARY ED. WHITNEY have dug up minutes for October 10, 1911. They reveal that San Francisco Rotarians endorsed a movement to raise a \$10,000 prize for the first person to fly from San Francisco or Los Angeles to New York, or vice versa, and that \$1,000 already had been subscribed.

SOLEMN MOMENT. Here's a borrowed editorial which will startle you if you read it through to the end:

"It is a gloomy moment in history. Not in the lifetimes of most men has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time.

"The political cauldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty. Russia hangs, as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent, upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources, and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with its disturbed relations in China. It is a solemn moment, and of our trouble no man can see the end." That editorial is from *Harper's Weekly* and it bears a surprising date—October, 1857!

OPERATION QUACK. What the ethical doctor puts up with in meeting competition from quacks was well said recently in a talk to Liverpool (England) Rotarians by PROFESSOR BRYAN McFARLAND, M.D., M.Ch. Orth., F.R.C.S. Said he:

"If the patient goes to a doctor who

*For an account of this, given in his last interview, see *Orville Wright—First Man to Fly*, by Leland D. Case, *The ROTARIAN* for April, 1948.

cures him, he takes it for granted and says very little to his friends. If the doctor does not cure him, and if he gets worse, he tells everybody.

"If a patient goes to a quack who does not cure him, he tells nobody. If the quack cures him, or if he recovers after going to him, the patient tells everybody."

No one, it seems, carries the torch for the medico. He gets blamed even for good advice.

Item: "About the time you're important enough to take two hours for lunch," laments *The Spokesman* for the Rotary Club of Randwick (Australia), "your doctor limits you to a glass of milk!"

MIKE GRIPE. ART LOCKHART, who swings a long verbal lariat in Long Beach (Calif., USA), rounds up these "men at the mike I don't like":

Retreater—backs away from the microphone and thinks we hear him.

Off-sider—turns far to left or right and fixes gaze on window drapes or something.

Innuendoist—while describing a human polecat stares at some chap who feels pretty uncomfortable, of course.

Art's inventory runs long and includes the chin stroker, ear tweaker, eyeglass changer, arm waver, ceiling



wanderer, paper fumbler, and so on. "But," he concedes, "each of 'em is a darn better speaker than I'll ever be. So what do I lose by listening and learning? After all, mike manners aren't so important as what a fellow says."

SO TRUE DEPT. The war was on and the late CHARLES SCHWAB, American industrialist, was in England to discuss steel needs. Entering his hotel after a tiring day at the conference table, he saw a bemuddled Tommy leaning against the building and nonchalantly smoking.

"I'm an American over here to learn things," SCHWAB said. "I see you've got ten medals. Tell me, how did you get that top one?"

"Easy, Guv'nor," said the soldier. "That was my first one and I got it through a mistake."

"Well, how did you get the rest?" "Because," answered the hero, "I got the first."

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

Rio and Modesto Lighten a Burden Rotary's globe-encircling organization works to advance international understanding, but once in a while it also helps to dry a tear or lighten someone's burden. An instance of such personal aid occurred when a member of the MODESTO, CALIF., Rotary Club, bound for a South American vacation with his wife, died aboard ship. News of his passing was flashed to MODESTO, and the Rotary Club began arrangements to bring aid and comfort to the widow. First, the Rotary Club of RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, was reached. Then a banker member cabled banking associates in Rio and a lawyer member contacted U. S. embassy officials in the Brazilian capital. These arrangements brought the widow messages of sympathy while still at sea, and a delegation of RIO DE JANEIRO Rotarians met her when the boat docked and arranged for air transportation back to MODESTO.

Good Reading, Goodwill, Too! On a railroad platform in BROOKINGS, SO. DAK., not long ago stood four cartons of books whose destination was LIPA CITY, THE PHILIPPINES. A gift of the BROOKINGS Rotary Club to LIPA CITY schools, the books covered many subjects, and included both modern fiction and the classics. It all began at Rotary's International Convention in ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., in 1951. There Harold A. White, now President of the BROOKINGS Club, met Ricardo Bonilla, a Philippine educator, who mentioned the shortage of good literature in his home community. Rotarian White told his Club about it, and a book drive for LIPA CITY was begun. The four-carton shipment resulted, and another is now being planned.

Where's Everybody? In Jail! If you had been in MALDEN, MASS., at a certain hour not long ago and inquired concerning the whereabouts of local Rotarians, the answer could well have been, "Oh, they're all in jail!" For that's where a recent meeting was held: in a house of correction. After luncheon in the institution's mess hall, they were taken on a tour of the building and grounds, including the workshops, laundry, power plant, and kitchen. Five schoolboy guests of the Club accompanied the Rotarians.

There's No Time on These Hands! Plans for an organization for persons past 65 got under way in AURORA, ONT., CANADA, when the local Rotary Club met and announced its intention to sponsor a society for the elderly. The purpose was to enable oldersters to "exercise their talents" and to "gain new and useful attainments." To ensure success for the organization, the

Rotary Club planned to suggest activities, provide supplies, obtain working quarters, and furnish transportation to the meetings, if necessary. Its activities were to include toy making and repairs, needlework, weaving—and possibly baby-sitting.

Speed and Grace From several Mid-Western States came 180 amateur swimmers and divers to compete in the HAMILTON, OHIO, Rotary Club's second annual invitational swimming meet that attracted more than 5,000 spectators. Events were held for speed swimmers, divers, and water-ballet performers. During the two-day meet the judges awarded some 24 silver cups to winners of the various contests, while second- and third-place contestants received silver and bronze medals. The meet was held under official Amateur Athletic Union rules.

Overseas Students Growing in number are the Rotary Clubs that conduct international student projects, either singly or at the District level. One Club engaged in this fourth avenue of service activity is ROLLA, Mo., which awards scholarships annually to overseas students at the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy. For 1951-52 the Club granted \$200 scholarships to three students—one each from Mexico, Burma, and India.

Student Leaders Win Flying Visit Near the New South Wales-Victoria border in Australia is DENILQUIN, and about 160 miles to the south is MELBOURNE. Recently a flying visit was made between these Australian communities by two high-school students, and behind their trip was some planning by the DENILQUIN Rotary Club and an Australian National Airways captain. The airman, a RYDE, AUSTRALIA, Rotarian, paid DENILQUIN a visit, and offered to fly, without cost, one passenger



Photo: Cross

Harmony—the aquatic variety—won these water maids championship trophies for synchronized swimming in a meet sponsored by the Hamilton, Ohio, Rotary Club (see item). Rotarian C. Wesley Newkirk is awarding the cups.



At the 28th International Goodwill Meeting of the Winnipeg, Man., Canada, Rotary Club, Rotaray's President, Frank E. Spain, receives a bronze buffalo, the Province's emblem, from J. N. T. Bulman, Winnipeg Club President.

Photo: Beaver Dam Daily Citizen



Pointing to his oil painting symbolizing Rotary's four avenues of service is John Glaeser, art student aided by the Beaver Dam, Wis., Club. R. F. Freund, Club President, admires the canvas.



Photo: Rotarian C. J. Belden



Sunny hospitality! The Rotary Club of Gulf Beaches, Fla., entertains visitors with surf skiing (left) and a water ballet.

ger from MELBOURNE to DENILQUIN. The Club accepted the offer, decided to use it as part of two student awards for outstanding leadership, and raised money to meet the rest of the air fare. In MELBOURNE the two young people were entertained by members of the near-by Clubs of ESSENDON and WILLIAMSTOWN, who took them on many tours and feted them in their homes. When they returned to DENILQUIN, they visited the Rotary Club and described their busy days in Victoria's capital.

Hear Yel Hear Yel! Not far from each other in Wyoming and Nebraska are two communities with Rotary Clubs that meet on the same day. One is SCOTTSBLUFF, NEB.; the other, TORRINGTON, Wyo. Re-



At Schofield Barracks in the Hawaiian Islands members of the Rotary Clubs of Honolulu and Wahiawa-Waiula watch a U.S. Army infantryman fire an automatic rifle. Some 200 Rotarians toured the post by bus and observed induction ceremonies and field-training methods.

cently they marked a "Vice-President's Day" declared by the Governor of their Rotary District, Kenneth Kluherz, of TORRINGTON. The Governor's "proclamation" required the Vice-President of each Club to conduct the Rotary meeting on the stated "Day," and also called for a member of each Club to relieve his Club's Secretary. Then the President and Secretary of SCOTTSBLUFF, along with three other members, were to visit TORRINGTON—and vice versa. Finally, it was "proclaimed" that, if no other program had been arranged, the program should be on THE ROTARIAN Magazine. The Governor envisioned an annual event in so issuing his "proclamation."

Congratulations Are in Order! June is the month for brides, bright-eyed graduates, and vacation plans. But for three Rotary Clubs—two in the U.S.A. and one in England—it is "silver anniversary" month. They are Tappahannock, Va.; Shelbyville, Ky.; and Hackney, London, England.

Big Marks Left by Safety Drive One morning recently the townpeople of EL MONTE, CALIF., awoke to find huge footprints on the sidewalks of their community. Though large enough to have been left by a giant, they were not, it turned out, su-

perhuman at all. They were the work of EL MONTE Rotarians, who had painted some 300 footprints at street intersections the night before as a part of their Club's safety campaign. Beneath each footprint were the words "Watch Your Step." The Club also furnished speakers to local groups interested in promoting traffic safety and provided schools with safety pamphlets.

British Look at Relations with U.S.

When International Service Committee men of 35 British Rotary Clubs of District 3 gathered recently for a week-end conference, they gave close study to Anglo-American relations. Speakers included three students from the U.S.A.—one a Rotary Foundation Fellow studying at the University of Leeds, England—and several prominent figures from parts of the British Commonwealth.

Hospital Gifts Fill Vital Needs

A well-equipped hospital is an asset to any community: so goes the reasoning of many Rotary Clubs—and here, if needed, is some evidence of it. In TRENTON, ONT., CANADA, a new \$500,000 hospital opened its doors not long ago, and in building and equipping the institution the local Rotary Club played an important rôle. After



Bottled, capped, and ready for emergency use are these blood donations in the hands of their donors, members of the Providence, R.I., Rotary Club. Each gave a pint of blood in the Club's drive for donors to a Red Cross campaign.

donating \$500 toward the purchase of ground, Rotarians undertook a special hospital project of their own: the equipping of the operating rooms—a \$12,500 undertaking. They subscribed the money at the same time they were contributing to the building fund (see cut).

After establishing a blood bank at a local hospital, the Rotary Club of EVERETT, MASS., saw a way to make the bank more valuable. To store blood under ideal conditions, a refrigerator designed for the purpose was purchased by the Club for the hospital.

The wards of a children's hospital were recently given a cheery touch when the Rotary Club of SUGAR HOUSE (SALT LAKE CITY), UTAH, equipped them with casement picture boxes. Installed above windows and doors, the boxes are

made of plexiglas and depict 38 different scenes from nursery rhymes and popular children's stories. The cost of the project was \$400. . . . For the purchase of equipment for the out-patient clinic of its community's Municipal Hospital, the Rotary Club of BEAUMONT, TEX., donated \$1,500.

A Garden for the Sightless

In Seven Kings Park in GOODMAYES, ENGLAND, is a flower garden whose beauty is enhanced by the special purpose for which the garden was planted. It is a garden for the blind to enjoy, and it was arranged with local park authorities by the Rotary Club of GOODMAYES. Located near a band stand and with two comfortable seats near-by, the garden's many buds are identified by labels in Braille attached to stakes. An adjacent sign announces the garden as a Rotary Club project, and the local association for the blind has been informed so that blind persons might be escorted to the site.

Silver Clasps Tie Two Lands

Next time you visit the Rotary Club of SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., look around and you'll discover that man after man is wearing a silver tie clasp ornamented with a pearl-centered Rotary emblem. The work of a persuasive jewelry salesman? Nothing of the kind. It is, rather, the work of international friendship of the Rotary variety.

The clasps—one for each of the Club's 500 members—came across the Pacific as gifts from the 2,700 Rotarians of Japan. Behind these handsome tokens of transoceanic goodwill is a story that dates back to the signing of the Japanese peace treaty in SAN FRANCISCO's famous Opera House.

To mark the historic occasion, the SAN FRANCISCO Club sent letters to all Japanese Rotary Clubs offering to assist in



Being examined—and admired—here is modern operating-room equipment furnished by Trenton, Ont., Canada, Rotarians to a local hospital. Their Club raised more than \$12,500 for the purpose by sponsoring local events (see item).

any way those Japanese Rotarians who would be in attendance at the peace conference. Next, a meeting in honor of all Japanese Clubs was arranged to follow the treaty ceremonies, and a program in both English and Japanese was printed in keeping with the international event.

In response to SAN FRANCISCO's invitation to enjoy its hospitality came the silver tie clasp from Japan. Yukinori Hoshino, of OSAKA, JAPAN, Governor of District 60, also expressed his Clubs' gratitude for the meeting held in their honor. It was at the "peace treaty" gathering that the clasps were presented to each member of the SAN FRANCISCO Club.

To the Palace Hotel in the "City of the Golden Gate," following the signing of the treaty, came a group of Rotarians from TOKYO and HIROSHIMA. The speakers were Takashi Komatsu, TOKYO Rotarian and president of the Japanese-American Society, and Takijo Matsumoto, of HIROSHIMA, who came as a representative of the Japanese Rotary District.

Climaxing this two-way act of goodwill the SAN FRANCISCO Club sent letters about the meeting, along with copies of the bilingual program, to all Japanese Clubs and their Governor.

That, then, is the story behind the tie clasp sported by SAN FRANCISCO Rotarians—and it's also the story of how some friendly ties stretching across the Pacific were recently tightened.

Meeting Televised! On television screens in PHOENIX, ARIZ., was recently seen a Rotary Club meeting from start to finish, and it is believed to be the first complete meeting televised. A fathers-and-sons gathering, its planners remembered the mothers and daughters at home, thought they would enjoy seeing Dad and brother at the Rotary affair, and arranged with a local station for televising the meeting. It featured Rotary singing, fines, fellowship, and special entertainment provided by station performers. At the end of the program, each father and son took a bow before the camera so the family at home could get a close-up view.

Camp Time Is A-comin' Soon! As school terms end and Summer begins, young minds churn with thoughts of fun out-of-doors—and in READING, PA., the Rotary Club helps many youngsters to realize such visions. For several years the Club has worked with the local YMCA in sponsoring a Summer camp mostly for underprivileged boys. During the camping session they are taken to farms, major-league baseball games, and other places of interest to youths ranging from 7 to 14 years of age.

Youth Gets a Hand Many Ways Is there anything "cut and dried" about service to youth in Rotary? Not a bit! It is varied to suit youth's needs. In GRAND PRAIRIE, TEX., for example, the Rotary Club's youth



All aboard! And that's what these crippled children of Morley, England, did. They climbed aboard this train for many rides at an outing sponsored by the Morley Club.



Destined for a library in Dumaguete, The Philippines, are these stacks of books collected by the Youngstown, Ohio, Rotary Club. When this packing session was over, these Rotarians had 63 boxes weighing 1,362 pounds ready for shipment to Dumaguete.

Coming Through for Wanda Lu

BACK home after a long hospital stay, Wanda Lu Norris, of Wellston, Ohio, was still in a critical condition. An asthma sufferer since childhood, 26-year-old Wanda was told by her doctors that one hope remained: a different climate. But going away meant big expenses, and Wanda's dad had already spent his savings to meet hospital bills.

Word about her plight soon got around town, and when it reached the Wellston Rotary Club, things began to happen. A fund to send Wanda to Tucson, Ariz., was started, and the Wellston *Daily Sentinel* put the appeal on a community-wide basis.

Within three weeks donations totaled more than \$580, enough to send Wanda, accompanied by her sister, to the drier climate of the U. S. South-

west. As the campaign ended, other arrangements were begun:

—The Columbus, Ohio, Rotary Club booked air travel for the girls direct to Tucson.

—Harold V. Tom, of Zanesville, Ohio, Governor of District 232, enlisted the help of Mel Flickas, of Phoenix, Ariz., Governor of District 166.

—The Tucson Club gave assurance that local employment for Wanda's sister would be sought.

—Dr. Nicholas Holmes, President of the Chillicothe, Ohio, Club, saw to it that Wanda would receive medical care without cost in Tucson.

Thus did many neighbors—and several parts of a far-flung organization—work together to help a young lady regain her health. And last reports said she was doing just that!



When Sir Alexander Knox Helm (left), first British Minister to Israel, departed to take up new duties, the Rotary Club of Tel Aviv-Jaffa honored him at a Club meeting. Here Wolf Cegla, Club President, presents the diplomat with a specially inscribed Club banner.

work has given several farm boys a good start in live-stock raising. It awarded three 4-H Club boys registered Guernsey heifers that later won prizes at the Texas State Fair in DALLAS. One heifer took the grand championship in the junior class, and netted more than \$100 in prize money. It's a continuing program as the boys will return to the Club the first calf born to their heifers.

Youth takes the spotlight in SIDNEY, NEBR., when the Rotary Club holds its

annual athletic banquet for high-school stars of football, basketball, and track. Originally held for the athletes of two local schools, the banquet now honors players and coaches from other schools in western Nebraska. Guests also include former University of Nebraska sports luminaries, college coaches, and officials.

It's music, music, music, in WEBSTER GROVES, Mo., for there the Rotary Club has given support to the music department of local schools for more than 20 years. The Club helped to buy band uniforms back in the '30s, and recently when they showed signs of wear it raised \$3,300 toward the purchase of 75 new ones.

Whose House? Why, It's Mine! Would you recognize your own house if it were flashed before

you on a picture screen? It's an experience that Rotarians of GROTON, MASS., had not long ago when a Past Club President took pictures of members' homes and then showed them on a screen at a Club meeting, but without identification. How successful the owners were at recognizing their abodes was not reported, but what was announced was that the meeting produced much fun and fellowship for all.

Hattiesburg Sets a 1918 Scene The 96 members of the Rotary Club of HATTIESBURG, Miss.,

learned much about their organization recently when five charter members reviewed the Club's formation and gave brief personal sketches of 16 original members now deceased. Tribute was

also paid to the late Frank L. Mulholland, a Past President of Rotary International, who was instrumental in organizing the HATTIESBURG Club. At the close of the meeting the widows of the deceased charter members were given the roses used to memorialize their husbands' names.

'Old Gym' Now

New Civic Center Incorporated under Pennsylvania laws and governed by a board of directors, the Civic Center in PORTAGE, Pa., is a recreational and social



By having a weekly luncheon (sandwiches and coffee) in the automobile showroom of a Club member, the Torrington, Wyo., Rotary Club saved \$30 on its regular luncheon cost. Here a check in that amount is made out to the Rotary Foundation. The check-writing scene includes Kenneth Klucher (left), Governor of District 168, and C. A. Willi (right), Torrington Club President.

hub for the people of the community. Established under the leadership of the local Rotary Club, the building is a remodelled and relocated gymnasium formerly owned by the school system. It was sold to the Club for one dollar, and, with some financial support provided by several other organizations, was moved to a different site and new flooring, plumbing, heating, and insulation installed. The Civic Center has an appraised value of \$7,000, is available to all local groups for social events and meetings.

Houtzdale Rides a Winner Twice!

Twice has the Rotary Club of HOUTZDALE, Pa., sponsored a horse show to raise funds for its youth work, and both times it has been a success entertainment-wise and financially. The first show netted \$525, which was donated to the community's Little League baseball team. The second horse show raised nearly \$600, portions of which were contributed to the baseball team, the local crippled-children society, and a school band.

1,200 Sq. Feet Just for Youth

What was once church property in HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF., is now a youth-recreation center. Behind the structural transformation is a story that goes back to the local Rotary Club's decision to provide a meeting place for youth. After considering several courses of action, HUNTINGTON PARK Rotarians purchased a building from a local church. With the co-operation of the city's recreation department,

Meet Your DIRECTORS

INTRODUCING ONE OF THE 14 MEN OF THE 'RI BOARD.'

KNOWN to many Rotarian stamp collectors is the French philatelic concern of Yvert and Tellier, publishers and stamp dealers in Amiens, France. What some of these collectors may not know is that the managing director of that company, **PIERRE YVERT**, is a member of Rotary's international Board. Active in philately since 1920, he is president of the French Philatelic Press Association, and a counsellor to the French export department. He was born in Amiens and was educated partly in Great Britain and partly in France.



In World War I and World War II, DIRECTOR YVERT served in the French Army, and was awarded several military decorations, including the Legion of Honor and the Bronze Star Medal.

A charter member and Past President of the Rotary Club of Amiens, which was organized in 1938, he has previously served Rotary International as District Governor and as Committee Chairman and member. In addition to his membership on the Board, he is also a member of the Magazine Committee and the European, North African, and Eastern Mediterranean Advisory Committee, and an alternate member of the Nominating Committee for President of RI in 1952-53.

the structure was remodelled and moved to its present site in a municipal park. Its 1,200 square feet of floor space contains a modern kitchen, washrooms, and meeting room. It was reported to be the city's first community-wide recreation center. At the dedication ceremonies the building was presented to the Mayor by the Club President.

Up Goes Camp Fund by \$2,500! A Summer camp with many special needs is one operated for crippled children by the BUFFALO, N. Y., Rotary Club and a local newspaper. Included among the camp's facilities are wheel chairs, crutches, craft shops, and ramps that make wheel-chair handling easier. Annually the BUFFALO Club contributes \$2,500 to the camp fund, and recently did so for the '52 season.

Medford Marks an Anniversary... But it was not the MEDFORD, OREG., Rotary Club. It was the 37th anniversary of Kiwanis International, and MEDFORD Rotarians helped local Kiwanians mark the occasion. A huge birthday cake was delivered to the Kiwanis Club by several Rotarians who paraded around the meeting place singing "Happy birthday to you!" Also birthday greetings in verse were read to the Kiwanians. The first stanza went:

Happy birthday, dear Kiwanians,
You're thirty-seven now, we're told.
Based on Rotary standards
That's not so very old.

Add 34 Clubs to the Roster Rotary has entered 34 more communities in many parts of the world. Welcome to them all! They are (with their sponsoring Clubs in parentheses): Ekeberg (Oslo), Norway; Nelspruit (Ermelo), South Africa; Drummoyle (Ryde), Australia; Redmond (Bend), Oreg.; Tottori (Kobe and Himeji), Japan; Trujillo (San Cristóbal), Venezuela (readmitted); Fairbank (Weston-Mount Dennis), Ont., Canada; Panorama City (Van Nuys), Calif.; Pacific Palisades (West Los Angeles), Calif.; Nakuru (Nairobi), Kenya; North Side (Houston Heights), Tex.; Pindamonhangaba (Pauabaté), Brazil; Linares (Monterrey), Mexico (readmitted); London (Corbin), Ky.; Willowdale (Leaside), Ont., Canada; Maryborough (Ballarat), Australia; Binche (Charleroi), Belgium; Oriskany Falls (Waterville), N. Y.; Williamsburg (Northampton), Mass.; Aquidauana (Campo Grande), Brazil; Enghien-les-Bains-Montmorency (Pontoise), France; Andradina (Araçatuba), Brazil; Pirajui (Bauru), Brazil; Tierra Blanca (Cordoba), Mexico; Bad Reichenhall-Berchtesgaden (Munich), Germany; Heidenheim-Aalen (Stuttgart), Germany; Hoogezaand-Sappemeer (Gronigen), The Netherlands; Pico (Montebello), Calif.; Osterville (Hyannis), Mass.; Greenville (Coxsackie), N. Y.; Pennsauken-Merchantville (Collingswood), N. J.; Prichard (Mobile), Ala.; Jackson (Placerville), Calif.; Rosario Zona Norte (Rosario), Argentina.

Personalia

*'BRIEFS' ABOUT ROTARIANS,
THEIR HONORS AND RECORDS.*

Pines to Palms. In the Intracoastal Waterway which rims the Atlantic Ocean front of the U.S.A. there's many a tricky and treacherous stretch of water. No one knows that fact better than HARRY H. JOHNSON, of Branford, Conn., for a few months back he and a friend made the whole 1,565 miles of it in an outboard-motor boat—the first time anyone has thus made the complete trip. But one of the most exciting moments of the eight-day trip was ROTARIAN JOHNSON's Rotary attendance "make-up." All along the way he had checked his *Official Directory* for meeting spots, just missing several. Finally it was Friday—the last day he could make up. It took extra throttle and a dock-to-hotel taxi ride to reach the meeting spot of the Jacksonville Beaches, Fla., Rotary Club—only 15 minutes late!

Rotarians Honored. The Silver Beaver Award, highest honor of the Boy Scouts of America, has been presented to CALVIN W. BARWIS, of Warren, Pa., and LeRoy SIAS, of Oak Park, Ill. . . . Bloomfield College, Bloomfield, N. J., has bestowed an honorary doctorate of laws upon FREDERICK L. MINTEL, of Rahway, N. J. . . . "Man of the Year" in Atmore, Ala., is MARSHALL PATTERSON. He was chosen by the local Chamber of Commerce. . . . In the English County of Essex, CYRIL EDWARDS, of East Ham, has been elected deputy sheriff. . . . FRANK C. HILTON, of Reading, Pa., is current commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. . . . IVAN BULLOT, of New York, N. Y., was recently decorated by the French Government and made an Officer of the Order of Merite Touristique. . . . HARRY M. GAMBREL, of Kansas City, Mo., is national chairman of Boys' State for the American Legion, which will soon conduct Boys' Nation in Washington, D. C. . . . Appointed manager of the



Married 50 years are the Rev. Walter Douglass, President of the Rotary Club of Wilson, Okla., and his wife.



An honorary colonel of the Missouri Governor's guard is Rotary International President Frank E. Spain. Here he is receiving the commission from Senator Edward V. Long, Rotary Director, in Jefferson City, Mo.

United States track team at the Olympic Games in Helsinki, Finland, in July is LARRY E. HOUSTON, of Hollywood, Calif.

On the Go. In the Rotary Club of Providence, R. I., his fellows point with pride to HENRY E. DAVIS, who likes his Rotary so well that he never passes up a chance to visit another Rotary Club. His total now has reached the 50 mark, and though his fellow Rotarians know that this is not a record of Clubs visited by any one Rotarian, it does indicate to them that, given time, this Providence Rotarian will be one of the movement's leading Rotary ambassadors. Clubs so far visited are spaced from Havana, Cuba, to Waikiki, Hawaii; from Guadalajara, Mexico, to St. John's, Nfld., Canada.

The name of Amedeo Obici, late Past President of the Suffolk, Va., Rotary Club, serves on through his bequest of this 1½-million-dollar hospital, a memorial to his late wife, Louise. He built a famed peanut enterprise.





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in one ear
and out
the other
when you
send a telegram*

Prescription for Rotary Elixir

[Continued from page 19]

friendly chap in his mid-40's, he's vice-president of a local bank. "There's a crying need in the world about us today," he continued, "for those things which are advocated in Rotary's basic concept, the ideal of service, and its code of standards of correct practice, the Four-Way Test. There is no better place in which to plant the corrective seed than our local Rotary Clubs and no one better equipped to nurture it into a potent force in the community than a true Rotarian. We are proud to be included in this vast assembly and to be able to recruit others who, by their own example, have proved themselves worthy of these high standards of service.

"With the assurance that we shall never exploit it, but shall, on the other hand, judiciously seek to fill existing classifications with none but the highest-type men within our jurisdiction, I accept this charter on behalf of the members of the Kingston Rotary Club."

Those were the words of a man only a few weeks in Rotary! Following him came another—Second Vice-President Dr. Gordon Bell, a general practitioner, who accepted the gifts from other Clubs.

"These gifts are not naked and bare," he said, "but adorned with the earnest best wishes and the honest offer of assistance by these our neighboring Clubs. As we begin our activities as a Club, we promise to use these gifts for the benefit of our Club, our community, our nation, and our fellowmen throughout the world."

Surely this surprising grasp of Rotary's principles and objectives, this sense of awareness and dedication, augur well for Kingston and Rotary. I am sure, too, that it was more than a coincidence that ten members of this enthusiastic new Club are veterans of World War II—young men of serious purpose who by reason of their own experience have developed a broad outlook. Such a nucleus in any new Club will help to avoid tendencies toward narrow provincialism and lay the basis for understanding and appreciation of Rotary's fourth avenue of service.

The other charter members and their

wives all radiated confidence and a know-how which must perforce have been lacking years ago in the pioneer days of our great movement. How different it is now from those early days before Rotary's reputation had been made and its techniques accepted. Then we were dealing with a relatively uncertain medium in an unexplored field with new members who could not possibly know what to expect of the parent organization or what in turn was expected of them.

And so driving home the next morning, I remarked to Madeline, "How refreshing has been this experience, even to an old hand like myself! How I wish every Rotarian could personally witness the launching of a new Club. It's like a shot in the arm!"

It happened in my case to have been Kingston. In yours it may have been Candelaria or Hallsberg or Bareilly. When it comes to a charter night, geography makes no difference. The electrical impulses which pervade the atmosphere are certain to set in motion a surge of pardonable pride and tingling satisfaction. There is nothing in Rotary to equal the thrill of attending such an affair, but it must be experienced to be appreciated.

Almost every Rotarian has an occasional opportunity near at hand. Your District or an adjoining one should on the law of averages have a charter night within the next few months. Ask your Club officers to let you know when the next new Club is organized or when a new Club is being projected.

Better still—try to organize a new Club yourself in some near-by community, or if necessary prevail upon your own Club, if it is a large one or embraces a number of shopping centers, to relinquish some of its territory. This was what the Rotarians of Wilkes-Barre did when they unselfishly permitted the organization of the Kingston Club.

Try this prescription once and repeat it periodically as directed! There is nothing quite like it to brighten your eye, stimulate your sluggish circulation, and quicken your Rotary step.

Rusting on His Laurels?

*The man who once has reached success
Must still do lots of heeding
To see that he retains the top
And keeps right on succeeding.*

*The top is seldom very wide,
Supporting sides are steep—
So if he hopes to hold his perch,
He dare not go to sleep.*

—ROTARIAN SAM KENT

THE ROTARIAN

Special Privileges for Executives?

[Continued from page 18]

studied in Russia—strive for a place in the sun. It would seem to me that these people are getting the special privileges, instead of the bosses Mr. Sembower writes about.

Special Privileges? Certainly!

Says O. D. A. Oberg
Lumber Importer and Distributor
Sydney, Australia

RESEARCH has confirmed with scientific proof the obvious fact that individual members of a species vary in abilities. Some animals are born to be "leaders of the pack" and others are followers. With *homo sapiens* in organized society, this differentiation leads to "status"—and the status we call "executive" is generally determined by exceptional ability and ambition plus what is so badly needed in this world today: an honest-to-God willingness to work.

Special "privileges" naturally come with the executive's status, in part as a reward and in part as the necessary means for the achievement of his tasks. Entertainment of customers within—or without—customary office hours may be cited as an illustration of this. It may afford the executive some personal pleasure, yet it is a necessary factor in modern business relationships. It has become, in fact, a technique for increasing that invaluable thing called "goodwill."

Employees recognize this. Experience teaches me that in any successful business they look to their executives to uphold its prestige and realize that their own job security is very definitely related to the personal contacts and influence of those "at the top." Indeed, employees are not slow to condemn any executive who fails in these respects.

In other words, employees themselves unhesitatingly recognize the inherent right to so-called special privileges. To suggest that differentiation should not exist is to say that those raised to fill positions as foremen or sub-executives should not be entitled to privileges that rightly and automatically accompany such preferment.

The old idea of sharp demarcation between employer and employee is, however, breaking down under the newer concept that business is teamwork, both in practice and in spirit. There is an ever-increasing personal relationship through superannuation schemes, social clubs, and man-to-man contacts of many kinds. One of the special privileges of the employee, I might point out, is knowing the hours he'll have to work. This



City Blues

MRS. FÖRSTER from Vienna, on the way to her son in the Middle West, had decided to break her flight in New York and treat herself to some long anticipated sightseeing. A frail and elegant old lady, she had been given every attention during her flight, was helped down the gangway by our crew, smilingly bade them farewell and bravely sallied forth to her first meeting with the huge skyscraper city...

Early that evening, their duties over, our captain and stewardess entered their hotel, and while crossing the lobby ran into a rather forlorn Mrs. Förster. It did not take them long to find out that the immense hurry and bustle of the big city had bewildered her. She felt lonesome and had not the courage to go out again. Soon our captain was making plans, and a little later, only too happy at the invitation, Mrs. Förster found herself strolling down Fifth

Avenue with the captain and the stewardess who were pointing out the sights. Delighted with their initiative for a joint programme, she very much welcomed being taken to the roof of the Empire State Building and having the opportunity of admiring the gay lights of the overcrowded Times Square. And when the little party did a show in the famous Radio City Music Hall she even insisted on having popcorn too! Mrs. Förster and New York City had found each other!



This true little story was bound to end happily, for we make a point of giving everyone of our passengers all the care and attention we can think of.

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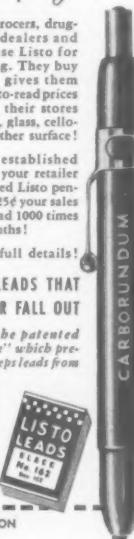
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is in striking contrast to conditions under which so many executives labor. Their real work often begins when they sit down quietly to face a stiff problem long after employees have gone home.

I have never heard an outcry of non-executives against prerogatives that go with being "the boss." But I have known many cases where they declined the opportunity of taking on greater responsibility and so qualifying for so-called special privileges.

Make Privileges Functional

*Counsels A. Howard Stebbins III
Paint Manufacturer
Little Rock, Ark.*

IN ONE retail store I own, I discovered that "piped in" music produced excellent results: it broke noise patterns and increased the efficiency of workers. Therefore, I am now considering adding the same musical arrangement in a fac-

tory. This music might be considered a privilege—but it is performing a function.

I believe that everything should be done to encourage the self-respect and self-esteem of each worker. However, when a boss gets a bigger desk, dictaphone equipment, and perhaps three telephones, that worker must be made to realize that such physical equipment does not represent a privilege in itself. Rather, the boss needs a bigger desk and specialized equipment for his different type of job.

I do not believe that privileges should be given on a silver platter. Rights should be balanced with duties. Privileges must be earned.

Ownership of property just naturally brings with it certain privileges—like the privileges one enjoys in owning his own home. Workers should recognize this fact; by the same token they expect the same privileges that come with ownership in their own homes.

Stay Put, Young Man, Stay Put!

[Continued from page 15]

Industrialist knows happy people are the most productive people. Happy people, by and large, are those who are adjusted to their surroundings. Insecure people, on the other hand, have little time or energy to spend helping others: they are too busy trying to find help for themselves. And nothing fosters a sense of insecurity like being an outsider.

This theme recurs over and over again in the notes I kept. "I left home," said a girl who works in a New York bank, "because I was convinced that no real opportunities existed there. I wasn't going to be just another stick-in-the-mud—not me! So what did I gain? The doubtful pleasure of being an almost invisible frog in a tremendous puddle. And what did I lose? A lot of intangibles that were far more important than I thought. At home, people were really interested in what I did, in what happened to me. Here—let's face it—nobody cares. I'm independent, sure. But sometimes I think independence is just a fancy name for oneness."

A man who had moved his family away for a year or two, then moved back, said: "Oh, people were nice to us, friendly enough. But we always felt like outsiders. We were outsiders! So we were always knocking ourselves out trying to prove that we were acceptable.

"Here"—he swept his arm in an affectionate semicircle—"we don't have to prove anything to anybody. Friends are real friends because—well, friendship is largely shared experience, isn't it? We've been sharing experiences with

these people ever since we could walk.

"My wife and I are willing to get out and work for this town the way our parents did because it's ours. It's better for the kids, too. They behave themselves because they have a standard of decency to live up to—do you know what I'm talking about?"

I knew what he was talking about, all right. He was talking about roots. It's an American custom, and probably a good one, to discourage ancestor worship. But the sense of obligation that comes from a family tradition of community service and good citizenship is something worth keeping and passing on.

"We were lucky," he added thoughtfully. "We came back in time. If you wait too long, you pass the point of no return. That's the point where you become a stranger in your own home town."

Some people, I found, had made the transition successfully. One was an executive solidly established in a big Pennsylvania manufacturing city. "We're all right," he said. "At least, we're all right now. But it took us years to feel that we belonged here. I made money, sure, but sometimes I think I'd have made it just as fast at home."

"The point is this: when you migrate to a place, it's invariably to see what you can get out of it. You don't think in terms of what you can put in—not until you've been there a long, long time. Some people never do learn to think that way. And yet"—he looked

Rotary Foundation Contributions

Since last month's listing of Rotary Clubs that have contributed to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member, 26 additional Clubs had at press time become 100 percenters. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 2,603. As of April 18, \$230,548 had been received since July 1, 1951. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating memberships) are:

AUSTRALIA

Bankstown (32).

BRAZIL

Pirassununga (17); Goiania (18); Bela Vista (27).

JAPAN

Kanazawa (40).

UNITED STATES

Warrenton, Va. (43); Eldora, Iowa (44); Susanville, Calif. (68); Fargo, No. Dak. (124); Williston, No. Dak. (38); Wadsworth, Ohio (71); Hollywood, Calif. (128); El Dorado, Ark. (100); Weatherly, Pa. (22); Kannapolis, N. C. (43); West Rutland, Vt. (21); Morrisville, Vt. (22); Hyannis, Mass. (83); Fall River, Mass. (85); Palmer, Mass. (66); Temple, Tex. (61); Middletown, N. Y. (61); Hancock, N. Y. (47); Twinsburg, Ohio (31); Flatonia, Tex. (21); Severna Park, Md. (24).

pensively out the window—"it's the secret of successful living in any community."

Others had put down new roots with less conscious effort. For some, the specialized careers they wanted simply did not exist at home. For others, family difficulties or emotional problems existed that made them happier elsewhere. As for those who had stayed at home, I didn't find any who regretted it.

"I'll tell what we have that you don't," said one of them with a grin. "We have local pride."

I recalled the conversation I had with another of the stay-at-homes, vice-president of a big power company. We were talking about the spectacular improvements I had noticed throughout the State.

"Well," he said, "we had to do something. Too many of our young people were leaving the way you did. So we decided to pull up our socks, make our towns clean and attractive, persuade industry to settle here—and, incidentally, use our electricity!"

"We did it by appealing to local pride. We reminded people that their home town was the most important place on earth—to them. We worked like the dickens, and it was a lot of fun, and it paid off. The youngsters aren't leaving home much any more. In fact, the smart ones are coming back."

That phrase stuck in my mind: the

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smart ones are coming back. They are the ones, no doubt, who have learned the hard way that distant pastures are not always so green as they look, that the brighter financial prospects, if any, are not worth the emotional strain, social dislocation, and diminished opportunities for service that breaking new ground usually entails.

But what about the young people—and there are still many, I'm sure—who feel cramped at home, who yearn to plant their flags along new frontiers?

To them I can only say, somewhat wryly, that I had the same decision to make, and I'm pretty sure now that I made the wrong one. The real opportunities then were precisely, in my case, the poverty and apathy and wasted human resources I was running away from. I really owed it to myself to stay and

help mend fences that needed mending.

I could not see this at 19, but I can see it at 39, and I would like to pass it along for what it may be worth.

Think it over, you young people. If you have your hearts set on conducting a symphony orchestra or discovering a cure for cancer, you will have to go where the opportunities exist, of course. But if you simply want to be a good doctor, lawyer, merchant, or fire chief, chances are you'll function best in the surroundings you know best, where you know and like the people, and they know and like you.

In short, stay put, young man. Stay where you've got some roots. For through those roots will come the strength to do a good job in the best of all possible surroundings for you—your own home town.



Photo: Pontiac Daily Press

Doerte Delighted

DOERTE Anna-Liese Franziska Mattheske is the smiling young girl in the photo above. Her home is in Berlin, Germany, but for the past year she has been living with the family of Rotarian Harold J. McVey, of Walled Lake, Michigan, shown with her. And she's grown used to being called Dorothy!

About a year ago she came to the U. S., along with 73 other German boys and girls, as a participant in the "Youth for Understanding Program" sponsored by Rotary Clubs of Districts 222 and 223. She has been attending Walled Lake High School as a senior, making new friends, and seeing much of America and the way its people live.

The idea to bring teen-age students from Europe to the U. S. originated in the Clinton, Michigan, Rotary Club. The plan crossed the Atlantic Ocean and stirred the interest of some 3,500 German youths who competed in an essay contest for the chance to go to America. From that number came the 74 winners who

have been staying in Rotarian homes in the two Districts.

Following their arrival in New York, the students lived for a week at Greenfield Village, the town of America's yesterdays built by Henry Ford on the outskirts of Detroit. Then came a two-week camp outing before each went to his new home to begin school and join the activities of his adopted community.

As their year of study in the U. S. nears its end, these 74 teen-agers will have one grand round of get-together parties. When they depart for home, they will take with them not only the affection of many new friends, but also the kind of understanding that helps to spread goodwill across oceans and national borders.

The pert little Berliner named Doerte—pardon, Dorothy—summed the whole idea up pretty well when she said to the McVees, "It's just wonderful being here! It is easy to make friends of people you *really* know." Then she smiled—and won several more.

Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

Break Down Those Fences

A. W. AVERILL, Hon. Rotarian
Archbishop

Auckland, New Zealand

As Rotarians, we meet on the common platform of manhood and forget the dividing bars of race, color, party politics, and sectional religion. We associate as men and we believe that man has a very definite purpose to carry out in society and in the world.

Instead of looking suspiciously over our neighbor's fences, we want to break down those fences and find in every race, and every people, something in common with ourselves—something that will draw us closer together, and help us to realize the fundamental brotherhood of all mankind. We want to try to banish fear, suspicion, and jealousy from the world, and endeavor to live together as good neighbors.—*From a Rotary District Assembly address.*

On Making Better Rotarians

LLOYD G. SPIVEY, Rotarian
Lawyer

Canton, Mississippi

Just as frequent revivals by the use of prayer and the sacraments are essential



Spivey

to our spiritual well-being, so are such revivals by retrospection and self-examination essential to our moral and ethical welfare. The adoption of such a program by this Club, by keeping constantly alive in the minds of its members

the vital importance of a strict adherence to the fundamental virtues of truth, honesty, and common decency, and to the great principles on which Rotary is founded, would make better Rotarians out of all of us, and would result in the creation and exertion of an influence which would make this a better community in which to live just as surely as does bringing in new industries and increased pay rolls.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Re: Understanding Business' Aims

ROBERT W. HILL, Rotarian
Lawyer

Salem, Massachusetts

It is tremendously important that the teachers and professors themselves correctly understand the aims and functions of business. . . . You and I have had contacts with some industrialists whose approach to the industrial and employment problems does not please us, but we also realize that a change has come over most of them in the last few

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years, and that many of them have now come to realize the sanctity of the human being and his right to a fair wage and to decent working conditions. However, it is still the best system in the world and the only system which has worked, and although we need not subscribe to every excess perpetrated by certain employers, we should at the same time endeavor to educate the people to an intelligent and sympathetic understanding.—*From an address before the Rotary Club of Boston, Massachusetts.*

'Take It or Leave It'

LOUIS A. WEIL, JR., *Rotarian*
Publisher, *Grand Rapids Herald*
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Rotary does not seem to permit of tongue-in-cheek adherence. Either you take Rotary or you leave it alone. It becomes a very real and personal matter between an individual and his conscience, and is a concern of the heart as well as the mind. If—and human nature being what it is, this is factually possible—if a man cannot reconcile its full precepts with his own habits, mental attitude, and way of life, then he must necessarily reject it in its entirety. This circumstance, as a matter of record, is a common occurrence and from its realistic recognition should accrue no intolerance either way.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

A Community Service of Value

E. A. STAINES, *Rotarian*
Postal Executive
Penang, Malaya

Perhaps in Malaya more than elsewhere greater emphasis is to be placed on the statement that it is part of the Object of Rotary to foster and encourage

age the development of acquaintance. This is a particular service that Rotary can render to this country with its great mixture of races, tongues, and religions and where so many of us, owing to the mutability of our affairs and the impermanence of our situations, are liable to the necessity of changing our place of abode. Therefore, a Malayan Rotary Club, by bringing into friendly contact with one another those of its members who would otherwise remain strangers, by the mere fact of its existence is performing a community service and so, if I may be permitted to alter slightly an old country saying, as "friendly communications beget good manners" this is a community service of some value.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Prisons of Prejudice

JOHN WALTER HOUCK, *Rotarian*
Clergyman
New York, New York

Greek mythology tells of the god Prometheus chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus. Today there are people chained to the rock of intolerance and separated from other men by the prison walls of prejudice. To break through these walls, and to become unshackled from the chains that bind them, requires just one positive action. It is a Biblical injunction: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." The moment an individual adopts that attitude, he becomes free. He can then meet other men and women and he can judge them by their acts, not their ancestors; by their character, not their color.

Let us burst the bonds of prejudice that separate man from man, and remember the old Greek legend: Prometheus was hired by Zeus to make men out of mud and water, but he, in pity

That's Fulfillment

*Is there hate where love should flourish,
Is there war where peace should be,
Is there need for selfless service?
That's your challenge, Rotary.*

*May your legions, waxing mighty,
Stranger yet in action be
'Til the golden strand of friendship
Weaves His pattern, Rotary.*

*Not alone in quiet gardens
Nor by waters flowing free,
But within the seething maelstroms
Must you labor, Rotary.*

*Keep you clear the goal supernal,
Seek it, shape it, ceaselessly;
You have but to work to win it—
You will win it, Rotary.*

*If, with men as well as nations—
Those determined to be free—
Peace at last become eternal,
That's fulfillment, Rotary.*

—KENNETH BARNARD
Rotarian, Chicago, Ill.

for their state, stole fire from heaven and gave it to mankind. The heavenly fire with which Prometheus quickened into life the clay images is only another way of declaring that man has a soul, that he is not mere "mortal clay," and that God in His infinite wisdom has given us this to distinguish us from the animals. In one of our Rotary meetings I heard a member declare that man has a body, he has a mind, but that he is a soul. Therefore, "man's inhumanity to man" must not be allowed to gain strength lest we lose the immortal fire which characterizes us.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

'He Lived at a Different Time'

E. L. LONGMORE, General Manager
Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines
Timmons, Ontario, Canada

The other day I heard someone say that there had been a debate as to whether or not the ethical standard of business was improving or declining. There's no question in my mind that it is improving. I'm not saying that all the sharp practices are out and all subscribe to the Four-Way Test. We know that's not true. But things that were tolerated even one generation ago would be abhorred among businessmen today. I remember an experience that I had during the war when I was down in Montreal. There was discussion in a club one day about a wonderful empire that a certain financier had built up, and I could detect considerable admiration for what he had done. I said to one of them, "Well, would you consider that his actions were ethical?" He turned on me with a rather tolerant smile and said, "Longmore, you forget

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that he was living at a different time." He said, "A man today who would do what that man did then, much as we may admire his ability and in some way his accomplishments, would be blackballed on application for admission to any respectable club in Montreal." And I believe it.

'May We Do All We Can'

WILLIAM WALSH, Rotarian
Heating-Appliance Dealer
Campbellton, N. B., Canada

Annually Rotarians of Campbellton meet with Rotarians and their ladies of Maine in an "international night." For the recent affair I exercised my hobby a bit, and composed the following poem:

INTERNATIONAL NIGHT
Tonight we gather round this board
To friends from many parts,
To voice the kindly feelings,
With which Rotary fills our hearts.

And no matter what our standing is,
Or what our powers be,
Tonight we meet on common ground,
Made so by Rotary.

Here one ambition fills us all,
And brings out what is good,
So that we might fulfill our aims,
As Paul Harris wished we would.

Then let us in his memory fine
Uphold his splendid lead,
And in his name, the deserved ear,
To him or her in need.

And in our daily walk of life,
May we do all we can,
To spread the Rotary spirit,
Which will bring peace to man.

Retirement Factors Questioned

W. T. VICTOREEN, Rotarian
Novelty-Furniture Manufacturer
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

It seems manifestly unsound and unfair to retire any person merely because he has reached the age of 65 or any other age. I do not know whether retirement is wrong in principle, but it is wrong to use age as the deciding factor. I can readily understand incapacity as the deciding factor, but that has no relation to age. I think it is time for us to challenge, if not the theory of retirement, at least the arbitrary basis now employed in determining when a person shall be retired. There is a tremendous waste of valuable experience by the present retirement systems that should be rectified in the interest of coming generations, as well as for the peace of mind of those who are willing and able to carry on for a few more years.—From an address to a conference of social workers in Boston, Massachusetts.



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Miracle in Korea

By J. W. BENJAMIN, JR.

IT IS two years ago this month that the trouble started in Korea. To the many stories that have come out of that war-scorched land since then I want to add one more.

Mine, however, is no headline story of invasions, defeats, truce talks, or the terrible perils of life in "MIG Alley." No, it's a simple item that never "made" the papers. It is about people and rice.

Before I get into it, however, I want to make certain you know what rice means to Korea. It means life itself, practically. It is the major item in the national diet, the base of the national economy. Korean farmers, who make up most of the population, know no other life than working their paddies. They buy and sell in terms of rice. They pay rent in rice. They pay taxes with rice. Indeed, they even buy land with rice—the Republic of Korea providing that they might when it came into being at the end of the Japanese occupation.

At that point in history the Korean farmer owned nothing—not even the acres he had so long worked. The new Government, therefore, arranged that he could pay his taxes and rent in rice and that he could also buy his land with his white-gold harvest. After so many payments, the little farm would be his—each payment totalling about 30 percent of his crop. The Government in turn sold the rice to get funds with which to function, and slowly national independence was emerging.

Then came June 25, 1950—and invasion. Suddenly and understandably the one immediate objective of the Korean farmer became that of saving his own life and his life-giving rice paddies. No time now, with war pressing down upon him, to think of governmental programs and land payments. And even when enforcement of the rice-for-land plan was attempted, there were no trucks at hand to carry away the grain.

It was in the face of such circumstances that the Governor of Korea's Southeastern Province of Kyongsang-Pukto and his people worked what I call a miracle, at least a minor one. It is this story that I want to tell.

Cho Chae Chon—which was the name of the Governor—looked about his Province and observed three things: he saw that it was in the midst of the largest rice harvest in years; he saw that this treasure in grain would fall into the hands of the advancing enemy unless

action was taken at once; he saw that the Province would soon be jammed with thousands of starving refugees crying for food. Determinedly, therefore, he embarked on a program which, many a Korean assured me, was unique in that land if not in most of the Orient. He sent a personal appeal to the war-

harassed farmers to pay their taxes voluntarily. Both he and they well knew the Government would be handicapped in enforcing payment and that farmers who wished to escape payment altogether probably could—but forth went his appeal anyway.

And the Governor did not stop there! He asked even more. He asked his weary people to provide their own transportation to the huge warehouses, or "guns."

To you and me in countries with highly developed highways, telephone systems, truck lines, and abundant railroad freight service, this might not have been overly difficult. To the Korean farmers,

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Photo: U. S. Army Signal Corps

Hardworking women thresh newly cut rice in Chonju, Korea. The mainstay of meals, rice has served as a medium of exchange for paying rent and taxes and buying land.

compliance with the appeal meant walking miles in bitter-cold weather, carrying the rice on their backs.

But the people responded amazingly. Thousands of poor farmers loaded up their "A" frames and headed for the "guns."

The Government had also estimated how much rice would be needed to feed the expected tide of refugees. The goal proved far more than the tax payments could provide. So the wise Cho Chae Chon told his people that if they would bring in their *excess* rice, he would pay them eventually, although he had no idea when that would be.

The farmers listened, loaded up their surplus rice, and trudged the cold weary miles to the "guns."

Soon warehouses were filled to the

brim with the lifesaving rice. Trains brought in carloads to the main distribution point in Taegu, and a million refugees gave thanks for life itself. Undoubtedly, to harassed, suffering men and women and children, the surprisingly successful operation meant not only survival, but a renewed faith in the humanity of man to man and in the eternal goodness of God.

The people had kept faith with their Governor, and Cho Chae Chon was to keep faith with them. After overcoming many difficulties, he was able to pay his people and everyone was a little proud of what they had done. But just what accounted for the miracle? Well, there's a force we call patriotism in my language, and I have seen it now in Korea as I have long seen it at home.

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Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

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Registering 'World Citizens'

By A. RODRIGUES BRENT
Bergen, The Netherlands

Perhaps readers will be interested in information from this side of the Atlantic regarding birth registration, the subject of the article *Where's Your Birth Certificate?*, by Tom Mahoney [THE ROTARIAN for March].

Registration of a baby within 36 hours of birth is compulsory for both the father of the child and the doctor who assisted at the delivery. The father must bring a witness who has seen the baby.

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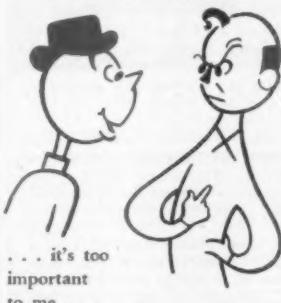
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The registration is checked by the depositions of medical or other witnesses and the birth certificate issued.

Then two identical cards are made out for the new world citizen—as it has been customary to call a baby in The Netherlands since time immemorial. The cards contain the necessary items and point back to the numbered cards of the parents. One card is sent to a central national bureau, to join the 9 million other cards in fireproof vaults; the other card remains at the registration office of the municipality where the young world citizen resides. Special provisions are made for the floating parts of the population (literally floating, because they live in barges going up and down the canals all over the country and into other countries along the Rhine and Meuse and other waterways). The head of a family moving from one address to another must register with the local office within 24 hours. Practically nobody neglects to do that: it has become a habit, and neglect would cause all sorts of difficulties . . .

So for the rest of his life one of the cards follows the citizen from one office to the next, in the locality in which he lives. Passports, marriage and other licenses, etc., can be handed out in a matter of hours if necessary. Social Security, inheritance, and similar questions as to personality can be settled within a day at the cost of less than a dollar. And it can be done by letter if you do not wish to travel from where you are. The crime of bigamy is practically nonexistent in The Netherlands because it is so easy to check on a person giving a false name; and at the time of registration of a marriage it would come out anyway.

Registration turned from a peacetime blessing to a curse during the war, for the Nazis used the cards to reveal men of military age, and to sort out officers and noncommissioned officers.

'I Drove the Car'

Recalls H. H. CUMMINS, Rotarian
Public Accountant
Hobart, Australia

When some Australian Rotarians "made Paul and Jean Harris feel at home" during their visit in 1935, as pictured in THE ROTARIAN for February [see *So I Said 'Let's Sing!'* by Harry L. Ruggles], I had the pleasure of driving the car in connection with the incident. Paul and Jean enjoyed it as much as we did.

Answers to Klub Quiz on Page 56

1. Compounded of love, friendship, loyalty (page 6).
2. 30,000 small towns and villages (page 9).
3. Sharing not hoarding their skills (page 12).
4. *Stay Put, Young Man, Stay Put!* (page 15).
5. Health education and diagnosis (page 29).
6. Aid to Dependent Children (page 24).
7. Second (page 16).
8. It became a Province of Canada (page 32).
9. Students (page 20).
10. Attend a Rotary charter night (page 19).



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan;
(B) Banquet Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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Lucien Aigner

Father and Daughter

NOBODY has ever recognized in song or story, nor has anyone successfully put on canvas, the bewildering and tender devotion of a father for his daughter.

Mothers have not lacked champions in the arts—there are the Madonnas—and the pages of literature are filled with songs of mother love. But no Michelangelo has attempted to interpret the awesome tenderness with which a father tremblingly holds the girl infant in his arms and from then on follows her with admiration as she grows to girlhood and to womanhood. Fathers must not show emotion.

Through one awful and never-to-be-forgotten night you walk around the hospital block. Nobody cares. Nobody can help you. You face the grim world without a grain of human sympathy... But—IT'S A GIRL!—a frail and exquisite bit of humanity—and she's yours! No matter how big she grows—nor how freckled—nor how pert—nor how smart—she's from then on just what little girls are made of: "sugar and spice and everything nice."

She's a she—and your instincts have told you she's frail and you must take care of her. Year chases year and first thing you know this dear little piece of Dresden has invited you to the Girl Scout meet. Oh, my Lord! She's up on the high-diving board. Your heart falls into your boots. But fathers of daughters mustn't show emotion. She dives, she comes up smiling, waves a wet paw, and you whisper, "Are you all right?" Oh, sure, she's all right! She only has to do the 100-yard dash and the shot put. You hang onto a post and take it—alone again with an unsuspected fear.

Year chases year and you begin to notice a lanky, awkward, tousle-headed boy under your feet at the house, and another cold fear takes shape in your heart. You've only begun to enjoy the dear relationship—but almost the very next day

you are pacing down the aisle with this enchanting feminine creature on your arm. Oh, well, you might as well admit it—she's a woman—and it isn't fair—she was your baby girl only yesterday. Where are the years gone? Who's taking her away? Indeed, who's giving her away? You are!—and to whom? The same identical, lanky, awkward boy—only he's grown up, too. Where are they going? Way off, somewhere. "Take care of her, you son-of-a-gun!" you murmur to yourself as you self-composedly finish that trip to the altar.

A father mustn't show his emotion. Even the poets have ignored that emotion. Too tough for them. Except for Ogden Nash. He was smart enough to recognize the danger as he wheeled his baby girl through the park in the perambulator—and hated the father of a little boy he met, because he knew that little boy would grow up and take his priceless child away from him. Read it sometime—you fathers of daughters. It's the only attempt I know of that's been made to help guys like us.

Well, year chases year again and one day you open a telegram—stark terror at your throat again. You are a grandfather—of a baby girl! "Sugar and spice and everything nice." And the whole wonderful and confounding terror begins again. Suspiciously you look around at the other granddads your age. Which one has a grandson who will grow up tomorrow and steal this new treasure away? But—slow down those heartbeats. This emotion is so deep no artist has ever dared to put it on canvas.

Thanks to that old Scot who long ago put a proverb into our literature:

*My son is my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter for all of her life.*

—C. N. ROBINSON, *Rotarian*
Tulsa, Okla.

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Vignette

By A. S. LEAVITT
Rotarian, Petaluma, Calif.

"TEN years in the State Penitentiary," said the judge. Then he asked, "Do you care to make a statement?"

The prisoner, little more than a boy, raised his eyes. "I'd like to speak to my wife," he replied. As she came forward, he said in a low voice, "Mary, I'm no good. I've ruined your life. Get a divorce, and never try to see me again." The cuffs were snapped and he was led away.

In prison the young man studied law, and for good behavior four years were commuted from his sentence. As he walked through the iron gates to the outside world, he noticed a car. A woman got out and came toward him.

"Mary!" he cried, as he recognized her.

"Bob, I want you to come with me," was all she said. Neither spoke another word as the young wife drove the car to the city and then out to a new subdivision where she stopped before a new cottage. There were a well-kept lawn in front, shrubs along the side, and a trellis of roses blooming over the door. Inside were attractive curtains and comfortable chairs, while in the grate a fire glowed. But on the mantel over the fire was a bottle of whisky. The husband blinked and frowned.

"Bob," the girl said at last, "you are still my husband. I did not divorce you. While you were in prison I worked and saved my money to buy this house. Whisky was your downfall. There it is on that shelf; it's the best brand I could buy. Now I want you to make a choice. You can have me and this home, or the whisky."

All this happened some years ago, but that fifth of whisky, still unopened, remains to this day on the shelf in Bob's and Mary's home. Leaning against the bottle is a small card that reads: "Lest we forget."

It was the personnel director of the prison where Bob put in his six years who told us this story at a recent meeting of our Rotary Club. He'd been reminded of it afresh, he said, because he'd just had lunch with Bob at the latter's private club—one of the finest in town.

The Touch

Wives and daughters both remind us,
They have not a thing to wear;
And, departing, leave behind them,
Poor old Papa, pockets bare.

—HELEN HOUSTON BOILEAU

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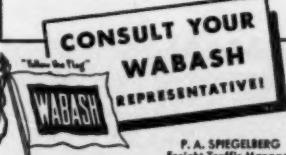


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HOBBY Hitching Post

AN EARLY riser is ROTARIAN LESLIE V. HURD, of Johannesburg, South Africa. Summer months find him up and busy at 4:30 A.M. In the Winter his daily schedule begins an hour later. His hobby, not his work as an estate agent, explains his greeting of the dawn. Here he tells you all about it.

THE buzzing of a band saw or the whine of a disc sander are sounds welcome to my ears—even at 4:30 in the morning. I like the concert of noises produced by hand tools and power-driven machines, and perhaps that accounts somewhat for my furniture-making hobby, a spare-time pursuit I have followed for upward of 40 years. But why, you might be wondering, at so early an hour?

Well, like other busy Rotarians, I have little spare time. In addition to my work as an estate agent and appraiser, I am a city councillor and attend many meetings; I am active in my professional associations; I have served as chairman of Johannesburg's Youth Week celebration since 1948; and this year I am President of the Rotary Club. Add to those responsibilities that of being father to a 16-year-old son and a 13-year-old daughter, and you have some of the reasons why my workshop begins humming at 4:30 A.M.

Of course, behind it all is the satisfaction I get out of using tools to make things. Using my hands in craftwork has, as far back as I can remember, always been easy for me. As a boy I spent many school holidays clinging to scaffolds, watching bricklayers, carpenters, painters, and other building tradesmen do their jobs—and I learned much. Later, when I began using tools, it seemed to come just as naturally to me as walking.

At the beginning, some 40-odd years ago, I was so keen about doing all the wood-working operations myself that I bought my wood "in the rough," sawed it up, and then planed it to size—all with hand tools! With experience came the realization that I was doing an enormous amount of work that was pleasurable but unnecessary, so I began ordering wood cut and planed to size. That left me with the finishing to be done by hand.

Later, to speed up my work, and slow down the drain on my energy, I acquired my first power-driven machine. There followed another and another, until today I have a well-equipped workshop—a lathe, drill press, band saw, scroll saw, disc sander, spindle shaper, in addition to many other smaller power-driven and hand-operated tools. Pound-wise, I'd say my workshop represents an outlay of £800. It has fluorescent lighting for which I made and installed the fixtures myself.

Along about now, perhaps you are wondering just what I turn out with all that equipment. Well, my wood products range from small household pieces to altars and pulpits for churches. Though I dislike making scale-model reproductions, some years ago I made a model of an old English church for a local miniature exhibit. Its height from steeple top to base was six feet six inches, and in detail it was an exact replica of the church.

Another scale model was of a club house that an organization to which I belong proposed to build. To enable members to understand the architect's

From Rotarian Hurd's workshop have come a china display cabinet and speaker's stand (below). The stand is used by the Rotary Club of Johannesburg.



plans better, I made the model at a scale of one-half inch to an inch.

A wood piece of which I am especially proud is the portable speaker's stand used by the Rotary Club of Johannesburg. I constructed it with a grained hardwood called imbuia, a Brazilian wood widely used in the manufacture of furniture. The end pieces of the desk section are mortised with mitred corners to prevent warping, and the flat surface can be tilted to a 90-degree angle and raised as much as 12 inches. I cast the hinged bracket and sliding arm in gun metal and then bronzed them. At the base of the stand is the Rotary emblem cut from a solid piece of wood.

Among other products of my workshop are a china cabinet, a coffee table, a grandfather clock, and many furniture pieces I have given as wedding presents to friends. The grandfather clock, incidentally, is a replica of one made in England about 200 years ago, except that mine is smaller. I made my own working drawings from a photograph of the clock.

The woods I use vary with the special requirements of the piece being made. Before the war I used Burma teakwood,

a hard material commonly used in shipbuilding. In latter years I have been using imbuia, mahogany, oak, kiaat (a native South African timber), and a variety of other woods.

When not in my workshop with a "piece" under way, I put my carpentering and electrical know-how to work by doing the thousand-and-one odd jobs that await attention around the house: plumbing, glazing, painting, bricklaying, and plastering. In my real-estate business I also apply my workshop experience in dealing with building contractors and repairmen.

Yes, woodcraft does have many satisfactions, along with helping to make a man handy around the house. I like the feel of a hammer better than a garden trowel, and I think my wife is happy about that. She likes to do the gardening.

What's Your Hobby?

Want to get a bigger "kick" out of it? Then share it with others by having it listed here. Just write to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM giving him the facts. He requires only that you be a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, and that you answer all correspondence that comes your way.

Stamps: Glen R. Baker (collects stamps), Cedar Springs, Mich., U.S.A.

Flowers and Vegetable Seeds: Irving C. Steurer (collects seeds of unusual flowers and vegetables; will exchange), R.F.D. No. 2, Shenandoah, Iowa, U.S.A.

Automobile License Plates: Arle D. Bestebruechte (collects old automobile license plates; will exchange "foreign" stamps), 1000 N. 1st St., 932 W. Washington Ave., Pelham Manor, N.Y., U.S.A.

Picture Postcards: Colin Seaman (6-year-old son of Rotarian—collects picture postcards; would like to receive some from children of Rotarians), Pollo Center, Charity Hospital, New Orleans, La.

Pen Pals: The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

Felicita C. Natividad (niece of Rotarian—would like to correspond with teen-agers aged 14-18; interested in stamps, sports, dancing, church and social activities; will send airmail), 48 Jacob St., Naga City, The Philippines.

Janet Miner (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people aged 16 and over; interested in music, dancing, sports), Box 83, Verdon, Neb., U.S.A.

Russell Baird (9-year-old niece of Rotarian—wants to write to girls her own age in U.S.A., Canada, or other English-speaking countries), c/o Postmaster W. Baird, Post Office, Barham, Australia.

Neville McIntyre (13-year-old nephew of Rotarian—wishes to write to boys his own age; interested in stamps, postcards, pets, reading), 66 Carl St., Muswellbrook, Australia.

Margaret McIntyre (9-year-old niece of Rotarian—would like a pen friend in U.S.A.,

Canada, or any English-speaking land; interested in Girl Guides, pets, match covers), 66 Carl St., Muswellbrook, Australia.

Colin McIntyre (12-year-old nephew of Rotarian—wants pen friend in an English-speaking land; interested in carpentry, pets, animals), 66 Carl St., Muswellbrook, Australia.

Ian McIntyre (10-year-old nephew of Rotarian—wishes pen friends; interested in motorcars, pets, animals), 66 Carl St., Muswellbrook, Australia.

Hugh F. Hopkinson (14-year-old nephew of Rotarian—would like pen friend his age in any country; interested in church work for young people, stamps, pets), Cambourne St., Enoggera, N.W., Brisbane, Australia.

Beryl Pratt (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friend; interested in bicycles, stamps, animals), Medley St., Gulgoong, Australia.

Jacqueline Burton (11-year-old niece of Rotarian—wants pen pals), Gilmore St., Coolah, Australia.

Barbara Howarth (11-year-old niece of Rotarian—wishes like pen pals), Martin St., Coolah, Australia.

Douglas McDonald (nephew of Rotarian—would like a 4-H pen friend; interested in stamps, reading, letter writing), "Glen Oak," Rm. B 416, Furracabud, Glen Innes, N.S., Australia.

Mary Beth Doll (10-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wants to correspond with girls her age all over the world; interested in music, Girl Scouting), 933 Moreau Dr., Jefferson City, Mo., U.S.A.

Jane Matthews (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with boys her age; interested in stamps, postcards, popular music, dancing), 310 University Blvd., Glassboro, N.J., U.S.A.

Lourdes U. Lao (20-year-old niece of Rotarian—would like to correspond with young people her age; collects stamps, picture postcards), N. Jalandon St., Jaro, Iloilo City, Philippines.

Martha Griffin (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys and girls aged 13-17 in the U.S.A. and other countries; interested in sports, music, reading, dramatics, travel, collecting travel folders, photography), P. O. Box 251, Laurinburg, N.C., U.S.A.

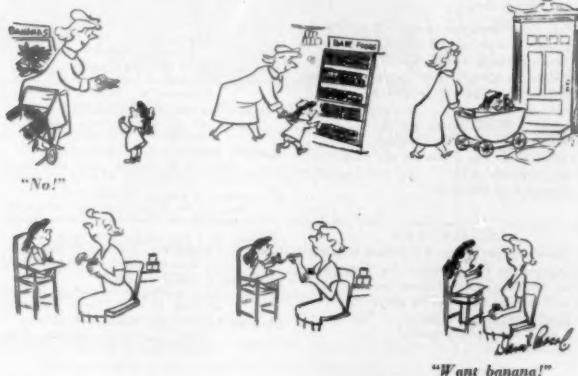
Kathie McGee (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes a boy or girl pen friend in the U.S.A., Ireland, Canada, France, or any of the Pacific Islands; interested in horseback riding, tennis, swimming, reading), 173 Gipps St., Dubbo, Australia.

Priscilla McNamee (14-year-old niece of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with a girl or boy aged 13-15 in England, Scotland, Ireland, or Australia; will exchange "foreign" dolls and stamps), 114 Conest Dr., Odessa, Tex., U.S.A.

Edgarine Baker (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with youths all over the world; interested in movies and movie stars, sports, music, flying, letter writing), 803 N. Third St., Stillwater, Minn., U.S.A.

Surindra H. Bedi (18-year-old nephew of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with young people in U.S.A.; interested in movies, sports, reading), 84A Underhill Rd., Civil Lines, Delhi 8, India.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



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Stripped GEARS



My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. The following is a favorite of Maitland Thompson, a General Alvear, Argentina, Rotarian.

The story is told that the King of Denmark was attending a concert in company with his small son. One of the singers was a woman, whose efforts were—shall we say?—unsatisfactory. "Papa," said the little boy, "is it true that this lady sings for the convicts in prison concerts?"

"Yes, my son, quite true," replied the King. "And bear it in mind if you ever feel tempted to do anything wrong."

It Always Happens to Dad

Bathroom's free,
Tub's spick-and-span,
Water's hot—
Ah, lucky man!

But, is there soap?
None!

—LOIS F. PASLEY

Open the Alphabet Zoo Up!

"X" marks the spot where you *don't* find an animal. Otherwise the alphabet zoo is complete . . . if you can fill it in!

	Animal
1. U. S. pronghorn	A
2. White-marked carnivore	B
3. Variety of reindeer	C
4. Commonly sought ruminant	D
5. Five-toed mammal	E
6. Carnivore of the dog family	F
7. Hollow-horned ruminant	G
8. Ugly nocturnal carnivore	H
9. Wild goat of the Old World	I
10. Ferocious feline	J
11. Herbivorous marsupial	K
12. Short-tailed feline	L
13. Large aquatic rodent	M
14. Small salamander	N
15. Prehensile-tailed marsupial	O
16. Bearlike carnivore	P
17. Extinct mammal similar to the zebra	Q
18. Common lagomorph mammal	R
19. Ruminant allied to goats	S
20. Large carnivorous feline	T
21. Fabulous creature of legend	U
22. Flying mammal	V

23. The ground hog W
24. Long-haired wild ox Y
25. Humpbacked bovine Z

This quiz was submitted by George O. Pommier, Jr., of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The answer to this quiz will be found in the next column.

Twice Told Tales

Archaeologists have excavated the thumb of a million-year-old woman. Perhaps if they dig a little deeper, they will discover a million-year-old man under it.—*Rotarian, PORTALES, NEW MEXICO.*

Salesman: "You make a small deposit, then you pay no more for six months."

Lady at door: "Who told you about us?"—*Rotaview, LONGVIEW, TEXAS.*

An old-timer: One who remembers when a baby-sitter was called mother.—*Die Rotaray Raad, MYERSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.*

A small boy went to a Sunday-school picnic, but it hardly lived up to his expectations. He was stung by a bee; he fell into a creek; a little girl pulled his hair; he got badly sunburned. Late in the afternoon he reached home in an ex-

tremely dishevelled state. As he limped up the front steps, his mother greeted him and said:

"Well, son, what sort of a time did you have at the picnic?"

"Mama," slowly replied the little lad, "I'm so glad I'm back I'm glad I went."—*Die Rotaray Raad, MYERSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.*

You can always tell a well-informed man: his views are the same as yours.—*Torrrotarian, TORRINGTON, CONNECTICUT.*

Marriage entitles women to the protection of strong men who steady the plastered for them while they paint the kitchen ceiling.—*Rotary Spoke, TOLEDO, OHIO.*

Everything in the modern home is controlled by switches except the children.—*Prairie Flower, MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA.*

Well Met

When I ask how you are,
Remember, please,
It's a question of mere
Amenities;

So skip the deplored,
Tell me you're fine—
Symptoms are boring,
Unless they are mine!

—THOMAS USK

Answer to Quiz

Open the Alphabet Zoo Up! 1. Antelope, 2. Dogcheek, 3. Bedger, 4. Bedouin, 5. Bedouin, 6. Fox, 7. Goat, 8. Hippo, 9. Hedgehog, 10. Hippo, 11. Kangaroo, 12. Lizard, 13. Marmot, 14. Monkey, 15. Ostrich, 16. Penguin, 17. Quail, 18. Rabbit, 19. Sheep, 20. Tiger, 21. Wolverine, 22. Warthog, 23. Woodchuck, 24. Yak, 25. Zebra.

Limerick Corner

The Fixer pays \$5 for the first four lines of a limerick selected as the month's limerick-contest winner. Address him care of *The Rotarian Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.*

* * *

This month's winner comes from Charles Jackson, a member of the Rotary Club of South Berwick, Maine. Closing date for last lines to complete it: August 15. The "ten best" entries will receive \$2.

PRACTICAL PAIN

A jolly young man from Quebec
To his friends was a pain in the neck.
His practical jokes
Annoyed all the folks,

NO-PLAY DAY

Here again is the booted limerick presented in *The Rotarian* for February: "No, Mommy," said Johnny one day. "I will not go outdoors to play.

By the way you are looking,
I know something's cookin'

Here are the "ten best" last lines: 'Cause Daddy just gave you his pay."

(Mrs. Charles A. Codol, wife of a Martin Ferry, Ohio, Rotarian.)

Guess it won't be served up on a tray."

(F. C. B. Lawrence, member of the Rotary Club of Upper Norwood, England.)

I heard you tell Dad, "It's today."

(Mrs. Thomas Hillman, wife of a Jackson, Tennessee, Rotarian.)

But just what is it I can't say."

(Rosamond Walters, daughter of a Connerville, Indiana, Rotarian.)

I hope it's a nice French soufflé."

(J. V. Athey, father-in-law of a Bartlesville, Oklahoma, Rotarian.)

And I'm anxious to see the display."

(Mrs. R. E. Keating, wife of a Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada, Rotarian.)

It's cookies, a wager, I'll lay."

(Harold G. Gaunt, member of the Rotary Club of Atlantic City, New Jersey.)

'Twould be a pity to go now away."

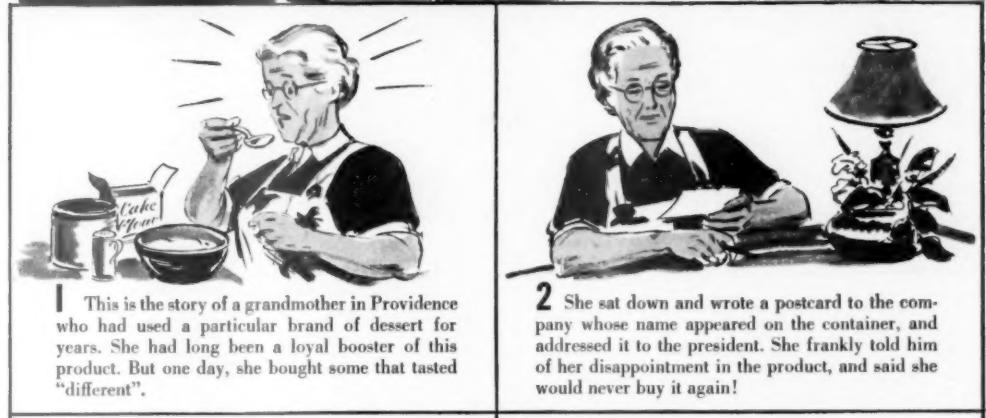
(P. Engelsman, member of the Rotary Club of Doesinken, The Netherlands.)

And I am a junior gourmet!"

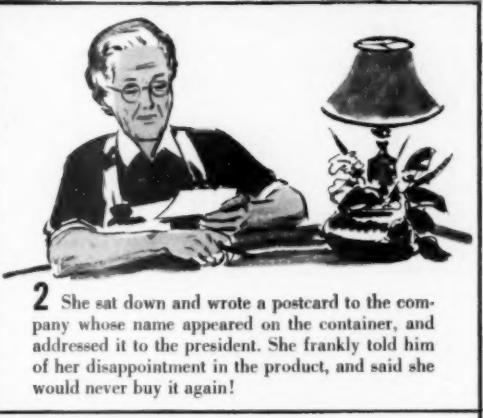
(Mrs. Walter Daugherty, Jr., wife of an East El Paso, Texas, Rotarian.)

And my tummy says, "Johnny, please stay."

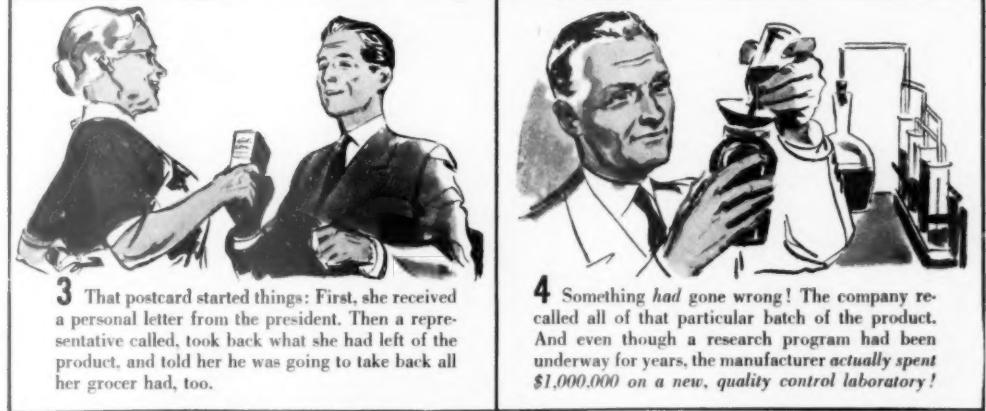
(Chas. Paul Corbin, member of the Rotary Club of Eureka, California.)



1 This is the story of a grandmother in Providence who had used a particular brand of dessert for years. She had long been a loyal booster of this product. But one day, she bought some that tasted "different".



2 She sat down and wrote a postcard to the company whose name appeared on the container, and addressed it to the president. She frankly told him of her disappointment in the product, and said she would never buy it again!



3 That postcard started things: First, she received a personal letter from the president. Then a representative called, took back what she had left of the product, and told her he was going to take back all her grocer had, too.



4 Something *had* gone wrong! The company recalled all of that particular batch of the product. And even though a research program had been underway for years, the manufacturer *actually spent \$1,000,000 on a new, quality control laboratory!*

Surprising? Not at all! Among companies that make branded products, *you*, the consumer, are the first and last word! So read the ads in this magazine carefully. When you buy the brands advertised, you get the most important plus of all—the confidence and security of knowing the maker stands behind the brand to which he has given his name.

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